

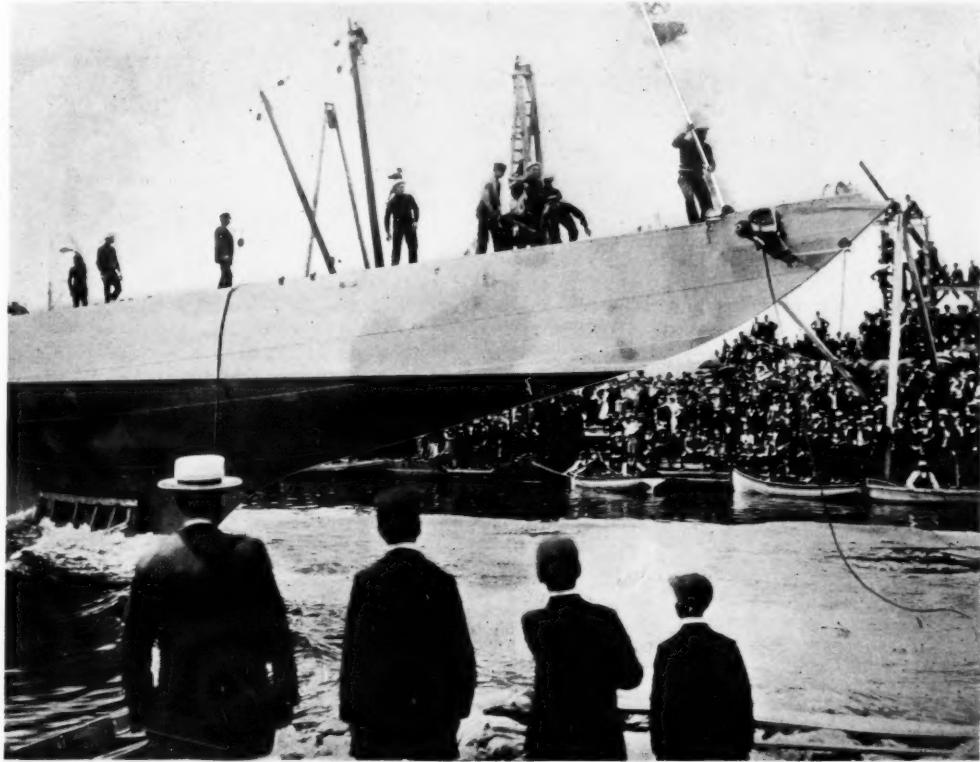
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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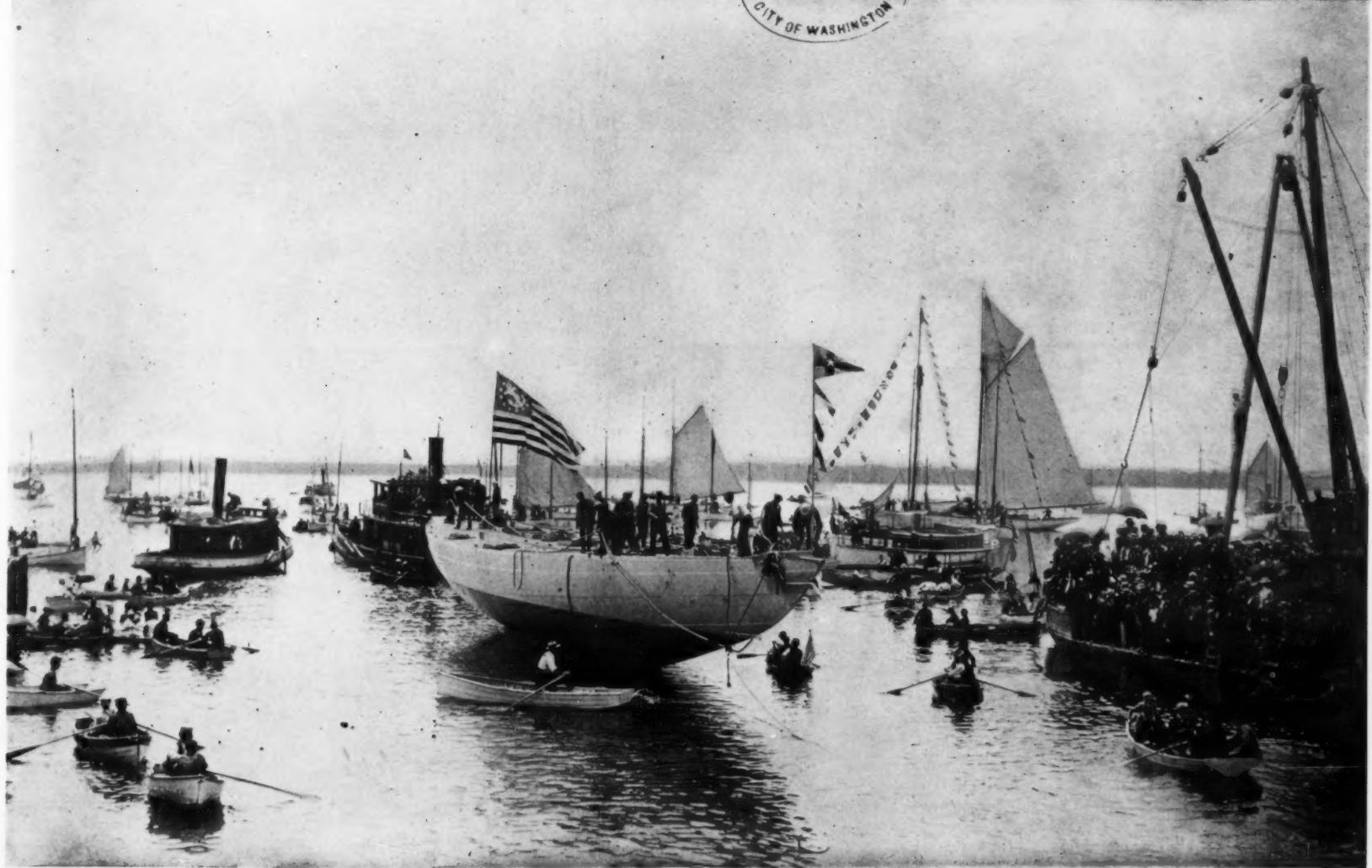


THE "DEFENDER'S" BOW CLEARING THE WORKSHOP, SHOWING ONE OF THE CREW PLANTING THE
COLORS ON HER NOSE.
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THE "DEFENDER" LEAVING THE WORKSHOP WITH THE CREW
HOISTING "OLD GLORY."
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TUGS MAKING FAST TO THE "DEFENDER" TO PULL HER OFF THE CRADLE, WHICH STRANDED IN THE MUD.
Copyrighted photograph by J. C. Hemment.

The *Defender* is 124 feet over all, 89 feet water-line, 24 feet beam, and 19 feet draught, and is an out-and-out keel boat, with no sign of a centre-board. She is built as closely as possible to the limit of the 90 feet-water line imposed by the new deed of gift under which the races for the America's Cup are sailed.

THE LAUNCH OF THE "DEFENDER," WHICH WILL MEET "VALKYRIE III." EARLY IN SEPTEMBER, IN A CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Educated Classes and Public Affairs.



R. DEPEW'S recent address to the students of Vanderbilt University at Nashville was especially notable for its admirable statement of the relations which the higher education sustains to the highest forms of civic life. Starting with the proposition that "Patriotism in a republic has its best support and strongest hope in the colleges," he proceeded to build up an impressive argument as to the importance of encouraging the best forms of educational development, and as to the duty and obligation, also, of educated men to identify themselves actively and closely with public affairs. In this connection he indicated the importance of some of the problems which now await solution. "Anarchy, socialism, taxation, currency, and the relations of labor and capital are questions as difficult, requiring as much judicious and patriotic consideration, and demanding as much of the time and attention of the colleges and the college men of the country as any which have agitated the nation since the formation of the government. It is not for all of us to be legislators, or governors, or Cabinet ministers, or Presidents, but it is for all of us, in the sphere in which we move, to take that interest in public affairs which voices the opinion that guides Legislatures, Congresses, and Presidents."

The truth here stated is not new, but it cannot be too often or too emphatically reiterated. It is because it is so largely forgotten and neglected that evils which might easily be prevented overwhelm society and menace the security of its most precious interests. Mr. Depew emphasized this point, speaking with special reference to evil domination in politics, when he said: "If the educated men of the country who are ministers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, business men or farmers would perform their duties in the primary school of the caucus we never would experience that despotism of a machine which blights ambition, destroys honest effort for good government, and plunders impartially partisans and antagonists. If we have neglected our duty to the community, to the State, and to the nation by neglecting the beginnings of government, we are not without remedy. Then is the time for those—and they exist in every community—who have been trained in the schools to formulate their ideas, and to express them." The results achieved in this metropolis, in Brooklyn and elsewhere, in the last campaign show conclusively the potency of this educated and enlightened force when practically applied in this direction. Mr. Depew closed his address, which was characterized throughout by a broadly American spirit, with these true and eloquent words:

"In some one of his recent birthday speeches Bismarck congratulated the visiting statesmen upon the strength and efficiency of the German army. The idea which he enforced was that a nation was to be judged, the strength and vitality of its people measured, and its power and its perpetuity gauged, by its preparations for war. He cited, as the two present examples, Germany and China. That is the Old World adherence to Medieval traditions; that is the Old World's doubt of the people. The great standing army, always encamped and ready for the field, is at once the concentrated strength of the government against neighboring States, and the right arm of power in suppressing uprisings of the people. Our government, institutions, and power exist by the educated intelligence of their governors or not at all. Beyond the little army which serves the purposes of the national police, and the navy which protects our expanding commerce, the strength of our government is solely in the intelligence of the people. The sources of our power and the recruiting stations of our armies are not in the camp, nor in the forts, nor with the flag and drum-beat of the conscripting-officer; but they are in the common schools, the high schools, the academies, the colleges, and the universities of the United States."

A Turn in the Tide.

THERE are gratifying indications that the free-silver movement has reached high-water mark. While the agitation in favor of unlimited coinage is actively continued in the Western and Southern States, no appreciable progress is making in the direction of practical success. In some of the States where the free-silver craze has been most acute, there are, on the contrary, signs of a healthful reaction. In

Kentucky eight of the eleven Democratic district conventions have declared in favor of sound money, and in the State convention recently held, the free-silver men were very decisively beaten after a persistent and desperate struggle. In Tennessee, as well as in the other Southern States, the outlook is every day improving. In Georgia, where the silver tide appeared to be sweeping everything before it several weeks ago, it is now, in the opinion of careful observers, arrested. This is due in part to the fact that many prominent persons, and some influential newspapers which until recently had taken no active part in the discussion of this question, have now taken a pronounced stand in support of the principles enunciated by the Memphis conference. The speech of Secretary Carlisle, made at that conference, is quite generally quoted as having had a good deal of influence in determining the attitude of many intelligent persons. In several States the activity of the silverites has been antagonized by the organization of sound-money leagues, composed of those who are opposed to the debasement of the currency. These leagues are especially numerous in Mississippi, where a hot campaign is being fought on this general issue. In Ohio the silver element of the Democratic State Committee has recently been beaten on the question of fixing the date of the State convention. All over the West the indications are confirmatory of this healthy tendency. A peculiarly gratifying fact is that Republicans generally are arraying themselves in opposition to the silver party. Even in Colorado the Republican State League has declined to commit itself to the extreme ground of the Populist-Silver faction. In Kansas, where the silver sentiment has generally been regarded as practically supreme, it is now said that eighty per cent. of the weekly Republican newspapers, and a large proportion of the influential dailies, are opposed to unlimited coinage.

But these indications that sound views are supplanting the delusions which have possessed the popular mind in some parts of the Union should not beget indifference or inactivity on the part of those who appreciate the evils which would follow upon a triumph of the silver party. The struggle is not yet finished. There is an element in both political parties which will continue the effort to secure an embodiment of the silver view in the party platforms. The work of discussion and organization, therefore, should be vigorously prosecuted in every State, as well in rural neighborhoods as in the towns and cities. The battle being now fully joined, it should be fought out to a finish, and nothing that is necessary to success here and now should be left undone.

The Retiring House of Commons.



EXCEPTING the House of Commons elected in 1885, which came to an end in less than nine months over the first Home Rule bill, the House which will soon cease to be has been of shorter duration than any of its predecessors since the Reform act of 1867. But, short as has been the life of this Parliament, its characteristics are more remarkable and its proceedings are more significant than those of any Parliament of this century. This may seem a large claim to make for a Parliament which lasted only about three years. A brief examination of its history, however, will show that it is a claim that can easily be made good.

As to the character of the House, the most noteworthy feature was the number of groups of which it was composed. Twenty years ago there were only Liberals and Conservatives in the House of Commons. There were varying shades of Toryism and different shades of Liberalism; but when it came to a division there were only two parties. A break in this order of things occurred when the home-rule party was organized in the 'seventies, but until 1885 there were only three parties, including the Irish Nationalists. In the late Parliament there were seven or eight, each with its own organization and its own leaders; and in the case of the five or six parties supporting the government, each had its own special legislative demands. The opposition was composed of Tories and Liberal-Unionists, while the groups making up the government forces were Liberals, Radicals, the Labor and Socialistic group, the Welsh Disestablishment group, and the two groups now forming the Irish party, the Anti-Parnellites, and the Parnellites.

Each of these groups had its special demands. Many of these were put forward with great persistency; so much so that the government, in response to constant pressure and frequent open threats of desertion, was compelled to adopt the boldest and the adroitest Parliamentary tactics, and maneuvering in order to appear to do something for each group, and thus secure its support. Some of these tactics were new in English politics, and their introduction and use cannot be taken otherwise than as a significant departure from the standard of political morality which has hitherto been supposed to prevail at Westminster. Under the peculiar circumstances which existed, there was, perhaps, no help for this breaking away from the old traditions. The support of the groups was absolutely necessary to the government. Its majority never stood at more than

thirty-eight, and after the division on the Home Rule bill in 1893, and Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the leadership in 1894, it gradually dwindled until it stood at only nineteen, including both groups of the Nationalist members.

In the last two sessions there was a partial breaking away of two of the groups. The Redmond party, on numerous occasions, especially in 1895, abstained from voting with the government; so, in 1894, did a number of Welsh Radical members, who broke away from their allegiance because the government would not give precedence over all other measures of that session to the bill for the disestablishment of the English Church in Wales. It was the existence of these groups, combined with the fact that the government majority was small to begin with, which gave the Rosebery administration such a precarious tenure of office, and ultimately brought about its downfall.

For the Liberals, this breaking up of the party into groups is a much more serious matter than the instability which it gave to their hold on power in the late Parliament. If the movement continues it must cripple the Liberal party as a legislative force. All the measures demanded by the several groups are of an extreme character, and when the Liberal party is in power, and is compelled to obey the behests of its most advanced supporters forming these groups, it must of necessity come into conflict with the House of Lords; and of late the people of England, apart from those of Ireland, and perhaps also those of Wales, have shown a strong disposition to uphold the House of Lords in resisting legislation due to group pressure. It is difficult to put forward a logical defense for an institution like the House of Lords in a country with an electoral franchise as widely extended as that of England. On the other hand, there is no denying that of recent years there has grown up a feeling in England that, however illogical the hereditary principle may be, the House of Lords, at any rate for the present, meets a practical need.

Turning from the characteristics of the House of Commons to its actual proceedings, the most important fact in its history is that the Home Rule bill was, in the session of 1893, sent up to the House of Lords. This marked an extremely critical stage in the Irish Nationalist movement. Whether the movement now goes forward, or breaks up like so many other Irish political movements, will depend very much upon the result of the coming elections. Only a large majority for the Liberals, larger than that of 1892, can carry it forward. If the Unionists should be returned with a majority of at least seventy, home rule will be set back for a generation, if the movement does not soon altogether collapse.

After the passage of the Home Rule bill through the House of Commons there came the Parish Councils act, which has made the democracy as powerful in municipal affairs all over England as it has been since 1885 in national politics, and which cleared away almost the last of the political privileges attaching to the ownership of land. This measure was strongly tinged with socialism, particularly in the land-allotment clauses. The same spirit marked the new factory laws, and other bills and votes passed by the House of Commons. The House, it is worth recalling, also gave two votes in favor of a legal eight-hours day for miners; on two occasions it adopted resolutions in favor of the compulsory early closing of stores. It also twice expressed itself in favor of payment of members of Parliament; of the principle of one man one vote at all elections; and in favor of the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. Measures embodying these principles were not carried to their final stages, but the votes on their early stages marked the high-water level of Radicalism in Parliament.

With the dissolution of this House of Commons the Parliamentary career of a score or so of men who have long been prominent in English politics comes to an end. Most of the men retired were of the Liberal party. Some of them have been identified with its fortunes from the days of Russell and Palmerston. The most eminent name which will be lacking in the list of members of the new House will be that of Mr. Gladstone.

The Recurrent Tramp.



HE "punctual" birds to which Emerson refers in his breezy spring poem are not more true to the "almanac" than is the recurrent tramp. After his winter hibernation in some urban retreat he begins, in the ripened spring and early summer, to spread himself over the entire land. You will see him shuffling along, when the green leaves come, on every leading highway, and piercing even on little-traveled roads to the most sequestered retreats. In the shadow of some clump of trees or grove by the way-side he takes his noon or afternoon siesta, fatigued by no earnest walk. For his footstep is always languid, as if the mere motion of his pedestrian career were painful and punitive. He has a downcast or dull and conscienceless eye; is unkempt and unwashed, and without an aim or ideal in life, unless his chronic happy-go-luckiness can be considered one.

Spread sidewise or supine on the greensward near the highway fence, on the field or road-side, with his dirty bundle near, or seen at the kitchen door surly demanding

food or money and frightening the womenfolk, how familiar and universal a feature he is. If you do not meet his demands for food he is sometimes violent, and usually abusive, particularly if a man, or the large dog, or the coincident call of a respectable neighbor does not prevent his ebullition. He is a keen critic of cuisine, and will resent the absence of meat or butter when even one is lacking in what you offer. Where he lodges is frequently a wonder, but the interior of a barn or the side of last year's haystack will do, or some friendly shed—a roof being needed only when there is a storm.

But the tramp does not altogether go singly on his summer's circuit. Sometimes there are two or three tramps, or even more, in a group. Then the hen-roosts in country places are apt to suffer, and depredations of some sort are to be expected. It has always been said and believed, in rural neighborhoods, that the tramp contingent is really an organized fraternity. Certain cabalistic marks which are often seen on gate-posts, fences, and bridges are supposed to be their recorded history of the people and neighborhood where they appear. It is told in cipher, to be sure, but it is plainly read by the initiated comrades in laziness. They can tell, by these marks, where is a hospitable door; where you will get nothing if you stop; where there is a big dog; where the town officers are strict on fellows of this peripatetic persuasion, and so on. There is a head executive among them, like the king or queen of the gypsies, who rules—so much trouble does it take to organize for doing and being nothing in the world except barnacles on the social order and the state.

Some idealist sometimes says a good word for the tramp fraternity. If the tramp is pent up in congested quarters he *must* be criminal. In the open air, and with free range, his best virtue will be developed. Did not Whitman "loaf" and "invite his soul"? Was not Borrow, of Lavengro fame, a very remarkable pseudo-Romanyite, making gypsyism even poetic and touching? Would you have had Thoreau arrested?

But somehow, after all, these substantially unrelated examples do not persuade us. If these persons had come from Trampdom instead of imitating one part of it merely, in a superficial way, we might be appeased. Or, if any typical tramp ever once developed himself up to their stature we might pause a little from our hostility to these chronic wanderers.

The plain truth is, if recent statistics are right (and they are probably below the truth), we now have sixty thousand incurable tramps traversing the country and living upon honest people, at an estimated expense of fifty cents each per day. This would make about eleven million dollars a year that it costs us to keep up this most prosaic and detestable idleness, which breeds crime and promotes an increase of sloth and human decay. It is doubtful if any mere statistics can really compute the full cost of this nuisance, which must increase as our population grows. There must surely be some way to stop or reduce this vagrancy. And why are we all so easy and apathetic about it?



SENATOR QUAY, of Pennsylvania, has served notice on the Republicans of the State that he means to be chairman of the Republican State Committee. The present chairman is efficient and faithful, but he is a member of the State administration which has honestly endeavored to carry out the party promises and promote Republican success on distinctively patriotic lines, and so he must be deposed, in order that bossism may be re-established in the party councils, and the Republican vote in the next national convention may be manipulated to satisfy the grudges or further the ambitions of Mr. Quay. The Republican party may be strong enough to stand this sort of thing, but with one Senator scheming for the advancement of unworthy personal ends and the other misrepresenting his party and State by the advocacy of the ultra free-silver policy, honest Republicans in that imperial commonwealth can hardly regard themselves as objects of felicitation.

*

IN January last the treasurer of South Dakota suddenly disappeared. Investigation disclosed the fact that he had embezzled \$344,000 of State funds. Detectives were put upon his track, but he eluded them all, and all expectation of his capture had been abandoned, when he suddenly reappeared at the State capital, presented himself in court, confessed his crime, and announced his readiness for sentence. It now turns out that his surrender was in pursuance of a compromise under which he and his bondsmen were to make good his deficit, and he was thereupon to be sentenced for a short term in the penitentiary. The further understanding is, it is said, that he is to be pardoned before the expiration of his term. That is to say, the State of South Dakota consents to condone the crime of a trusted official by which its treasury was bankrupted, and thereby practically declares to every criminal in the State that he need have no fear of the penalties of the law if he will only confess judgment and consent to go through the farce of a nominal sentence. It is just this mawkish treatment of

criminals that emboldens the vicious and depraved, and stimulates criminal activity everywhere in society; and it is folly to expect that embezzlements, wholesale betrayals of trust in the administering of large or petty interests, or outrages of any sort upon property or person, will be diminished or made either dangerous or odious so long as society is willing to compromise away in this easy fashion the penalties which the law establishes for its protection against felons, big and little.

*

EVERY patriotic American must be gratified at the deep impression made by the American squadron at the recent naval demonstration at Kiel. All accounts agree that our ships were special objects of admiration, and ex-Secretary Tracy, who was present at the celebration, gives it as the consensus of opinion that "the *New York* is the best of her class, having a heavier armament and being faster and more economical in the consumption of coal." Emperor William, who loses no opportunity to inform himself on practical subjects, made two visits to the *New York* for the purpose of inspecting her more striking features, and is reported to have spoken in the most complimentary terms of her salient "points." German experts seem to concur in the Emperor's admiration of the ship, declaring that she outclasses the British cruiser *Blenheim* and her sister-ship, the *Blake*. The new navy does not, of course, rank, in the number of its ships and guns, with those of the first-class European Powers, but it is gratifying to know that its effectiveness is so obvious as to compel world-wide recognition.

*

THE attempt of the allied European Powers to deprive Japan of some of the fruits of her victory over China appears to have had the effect to silence the clamors of the contending factions throughout the empire, and there is now a prospect that the government will have the support of practically all the political parties in its future policy. That policy will be one of internal development along progressive lines and of amity toward all outside peoples. Colonel Cockerill, in his last letter to the *New York Herald*, says that this peaceful policy will even be carried to the extent of a Japanese withdrawal from Corea, if the Russian intrigues now in progress there shall result in making the Muscovite influence paramount. As to Formosa, no concessions whatever will be made; and no leniency will be shown to the Chinese marauders who have stirred up the turbulence in the island. There is no doubt that under Japanese rule Formosa will soon be made productive and attractive. It will be matter for regret if, for any reason, Corea shall be given over to a domination less beneficent than Japan has proposed to establish.

*

THE advocates of free-silver coinage are continually harping upon "the rights of the white metal," and indulging in denunciations of legislation by which, as they allege, it has been deprived of those rights. The folly and stupidity of all this sort of talk are strikingly exhibited in a recent note of Secretary of Agriculture Morton in reply to a communication from a zealous supporter of unlimited coinage who had demanded the restoration of silver to its legitimate functions. Mr. Morton says:

"What rights is silver deprived of at present? On the 12th day of June, 1895, in the treasury of the United States there were 347,345,452 standard silver dollars. Are they not legal tender for all debts, public and private? What more rights would the same number of gold dollars have? On the same 12th day of June, 1895, there were five thousand tons of silver bullion in the Treasury building of the United States in the city of Washington. It cost the American people \$123,870,712, and at the present price of silver bullion the same money would buy 6,243½ tons of silver. That is to say, the American people, under the Sherman act, on this one pile of silver junk have been cheated or have lost in the deal 1,243½ tons weight of silver. Would you vote for a continuation of silver purchases by which the United States would be made the dumping ground for all the silver junk of the civilized globe?"

Men and Things.

"This passeth year by year and day by day."

SAY what we may, the feeling of patriotism is dormant in us all. Mr. Herbert Spencer says that "Whoever entertains such a sentiment has not that equilibrium of feeling required for dealing scientifically with social phenomena." Well, everybody is not interested in social phenomena, though I confess to a curiosity of the keenest concerning them. Standing on the quarter-deck of the cruiser *Cincinnati* the other evening, over in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, at sundown, I became fully conscious, however, that I was not possessed of that equilibrium of feeling required, according to Mr. Spencer, for their scientific solution. I was sitting below in the mess-room when the first bugle sounded, and with a landman's eagerness to see and hear everything on shipboard, I went above. The last glow of the sun was just disappearing from the sky, the blue-gray water of the bay lapped peacefully against the ship, and the flag floated listlessly above. Away off from across the water came the note of the bugle, the bugler on the *Cincinnati* took it up and carried it on, the quartermaster, hal-yards in hand, slowly lowered the flag, every man on deck the while standing at attention. It was a small thing in itself, but tremendously impressive. The flag—*my flag*, it thrilled through me—the symbol of our country, slowly fluttering down, while a hundred or more officers and men stood in deferential attitude waiting for it to be carried below. It is an occasion like this I tell of that tests our feeling and

love for country. The man who could stand unaffected by such an incident must be destitute indeed of patriotic impulse and unworthy of the protection of any flag.

The title of Mr. Henry James's new book which has just been issued will sound ominously on the ears of all those who, like myself, place his work with that of to-day's few who are really worth while. If there is any significance in the name of "Terminations," which he gives to this collection of four stories, it will be consolation to know that the end was with two such admirable examples of his art as "The Death of a Lion" and "The Middle Years." It is this last-named, full of tenderness and pathos, that, strangely, so few find in his work, that gives the sinister foreboding any semblance of a premonition that this is to be the last we are to have from him. But let that not be thought of; let it not for a moment spoil the enjoyment of so perfect and gentle a piece of satire as "The Death of a Lion," or so consummate an expression of his feeling as in "The Middle Years." To lovers of James the reading of these two will bring a few of those supreme moments, to be found only with the great. As for "The Coxon Fund" and "The Altar of the Dead," I can only say that they demand the enthusiasm of the strongest admirer for the slightest appreciation. This I have, but my recommendation only extends to the first two. They are in his "splendid 'last manner,' the very citadel, as it would prove, of his reputation, the stronghold in which his real treasure will be gathered."

There was a bill introduced into the last Parliament that had for its object the protection of rural England from the profanities of trade advertising. I lost sight of it after its introduction, but I have little doubt of its passage, either now or later, and I could recommend with great pleasure the placing of a comprehensive law relating to the same abuse on the statute-book of every State in the Union. There is hardly a mile of well-traveled road in this country, north, east, west, or south, that is not defaced every few rods by appeals to purchase from the tradesmen of the nearest towns. Trees, bridges, barns, and even houses themselves, are sacrificed to this competitive craze, and every turn of the simple lover of the country for country's sake is beset by blazoned certificates of merit and requests for patronage. A prohibitory law should be passed and strictly enforced; meanwhile those who live in the country may accomplish much, whenever an idle day offers the opportunity, with a good hammer and chisel.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.



TOLSTOI is not a hero in the eyes of Frau Anna Seuron, who was long his children's governess. She has published in Germany some gossipy reminiscences of her life with the author's family, and among them are anecdotes of the count as he appears in *négligé*, so to speak, under his own roof-tree. He is no anchorite, it seems. He smokes surreptitiously, and after refusing meat for a year he was persuaded by his family to eat poultry. Frequently at night the listener could hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room, and in the morning the cold roast beef left on the table would be found half devoured. Moreover, according to Frau Seuron, the count is fond of perfumes, which combine with the stable odors about his clothes to make a most disagreeable smell.

The success of "Trilby" has led Du Maurier to gratify the desire of his family, and take a house in London. He has lived at Hampstead for twenty-one years, in an old-fashioned villa, roomy and not very interesting externally, but charming within, and with a pretty garden in the rear. An American who recently had the pleasure of a visit with the artist-author describes him as smaller of stature than one would think, and quiet and retiring in manner. He vouchsafed the information that the young man who posed for Little Billee is only twenty, and is about to go on the stage.

The West has been prolific in "boy preachers," but the most precocious of them all appears to be Master Ray York, who has been conducting a series of revivals in Missouri. This remarkable boy, a child of thirteen, in knickerbockers and Fauntleroy collar, talks to multitudes in a simple, clear, childish voice that somehow persuades with its earnestness and sincerity, and draws sinners to the bar of confession. He was converted to the Baptist faith at the age of six, preached his first sermon at twelve, and is now a regularly ordained minister.

Owen Wister, who is likely to become the historian of the cowboy, has just returned from another fruitful trip to Western mining-camps and ranches. Mr. Wister's life when he is in Philadelphia is as correct and conventional as it is open and unconventional in the West. He writes for amusement in the intervals of club life and social duties, and, apart from his attainments as an author, he is an accomplished musician. He is about thirty-five years old and a Harvard graduate of thirteen years' standing.



YVETTE GUILBERT.

Favorites of the Parisian Variety Stage.

BEAUTY is a very good thing, but when unaccompanied by magnetism it is like a scentless flower. Magnetism, however, does exist without beauty, and sweeps all before it, invincibly, unreasonably, mysteriously.

This positivism explains the continued ascendancy of Yvette Guilbert in Paris. She is only a music-hall singer, a *café chantant* sketch artist, but Paris is true to her, and now, during her visit to London, the English papers are devoting columns to her praise.

She has always been described as coming quietly out in a conventional evening-gown, singing questionable songs with a saintly air. She does nothing of the sort. True, her gown is modest enough for a church bazaar, but the long, thin arms, bare to the elbow, in these days of balloon sleeves make one surprising note; the sober, black gloves another; the plain, serviceable slippers another; the school-girl simplicity of the loosely-clasped hands another; the lack of false coloring on the undeniably red hair and plain face, a last one. You expect little from such an *ensemble*. You are spell-bound from the enunciation of her first line. Afterward you realize why, when you hear critics assert that her power as an actress is as great as Bernhardt's, but put to a debasing use—a jewel in a dust-heap.

Guilbert's face is capable of quiet, diabolical expression; even her smallest gesture, wink, or lightest nod become somehow blatantly wicked. After her, all the chattering, whirling, skirt-tossing young women are violent and jarring, while in your soul you know they are not half as shocking as the well-mannered, velvet-voiced Yvette.

Her most popular song this season is Beranger's famous poem, "The Grandmother." Taking a lace

fichu from her throat she places it over her head to represent a night-cap—there is no other change of costume, no properties, no make-up, yet in a moment the hands upon the knees seem palsied, the eyes dim with age, she recounts her dead-and-gone gallantries in a crooning monotone, she looks a hundred years old.

Guilbert's history is strangely devoid of romance. Only five years ago she was a Paris shop-girl, using her wonderful powers to delight her companions at lunch-time. In her little world her fame spread and she began to look beyond its limits. She sought the stage. A good-tempered manager gave her a trial; her success was instantaneous. To-day she is famous—a shrewd business woman and very rich.

Otero, who danced in New York five years ago, has been at the Folies Bergères since the Mi-Careme festival. When she writhed and snapped her fingers on the stage of the Eden Musée she was a beautiful woman, a Spanish Madonna in type. But "La belle Otero," as she is called, has changed all that. The severity of hair has gone, and she wears it wild, befrizzled, like the thousand other theatrical lights of Paris who loll in their victorias in the Bois; the pure, magnolia complexion is replaced by crude red and white; she is thinner, and, strangely enough, looks much younger than when New Yorkers paid to see her dance.

La Pongy, whose diamonds are as famous in their way as the bargains at the Bon Marché, is Otero's rival. No one knows quite what the secret of the feud is, but these two variety-stage stars continually attempt to outshine each other. They were both at Monte Carlo in January, and in the surging, dusty, green-hued



"LA BELLE OTERO."

some music hall or *café*. This is all. And with this meagre knowledge we must be content.

Anna Helder has been talked of for some daring, eccentric dances at the Folies Bergères. Her face is of the mobile, expressive type. It is curious, as one looks among her many photographs, to see in her eyes a light like a definite, celestial aspiration. It was a technical error for nature to have given those angel eyes to Helder.

Popular hits are frequently made in curious ways, but perhaps never but once, in all probability, has a fashion of hair arrangement started the whisper. The exception to this rule has been De Merode, another of the Paris favorites.

For three years she was one of the coryphées at the Grand Opera, just a unit among lines of human butterflies, angels, or nymphs. Yet in every opera, whatever the costume, her hair, always the same, always unique, was an emphatic note. All of a length, this wonderful chestnut hair is always severely parted, drawn in low, loose bands quite over the ears, and loosely coiled behind. At last De Merode's constancy to one set coiffure was rewarded. People began to ask who she was; photographers discovered that her profile was purely Greek, that she was beautiful; and it was not long before she became an object of popular homage.

To-day her pictures are displayed everywhere in Paris. She is still a coryphée, but is paid extravagantly for sittings before the camera, and for an exceptional price has posed for one or two of the best sculptors. The oak growing from a little acorn is not more wonderful than De Merode's fame as a beauty starting from her low-drawn hair. With a fringe or the usual curled locks her profile might never have been discovered among the back rows on the big opera stage. She has now several imitators among Parisian actresses, and the De Merode coiffure has had an enthusiastic vogue in Paris.

KATE JORDAN.



ANNA HELDER.

gambling-rooms were the centres of opposing, admiring crowds. Otero at one table was a brilliant Spanish picture in crimson or yellow, the buttons on her satin blouse sapphires as large as robins' eggs. Turning from her, your eyes were caught by a blaze of white, fire-shot radiance from a table near by, where La Pongy stood with a quart of diamonds sprinkled over bare shoulders. Otero had a victory one night. Travelers and residents at the beautiful, demoralizing little principality all heard the rumor that La belle Otero was winning twenty thousand francs a day. Her luck was phenomenal, and feverish interest held the crowd surrounding her spell-bound. La Pongy's vanity was conquered by her desire for gain. On this particular night she boldly went to the *rouge et noir* table where the Spaniard stood repeating her former successes, and deliberately spanned repeating her play. She won a great deal, but she gave a triumph to Otero before a throng of onlookers which the latter very probably valued more than her winnings.

But La Pongy had her revenge. A night or two following, when Otero dazzled all eyes with necklace, rings, sun-bursts and pins in diamonds and sapphires, her rival entered in a simple, high-necked black gown, nun-like in effect—all her diamonds were blazing on the red-faced maid who followed her in brilliant green.

And who is Diané la Pongy? Beyond the fact that she is Otero's rival, and has in diamonds more than enough for a king's ransom (as valued in these democratic days) there is but little to tell. She has bleached hair, a long, thin, sparkling face, and occasionally may be seen and heard doing the usual "turn" at



DIANÉ LA PONGY, RIVAL OF OTERO.



MERODE.



"Peebles had fallen in a sitting posture on a low stone dike."

LADY KILPATRICK: A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "God and the Man," "Matt, the Story of a Caravan," "Shadow of the Sword," etc.

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VII.

BLAKE, OF BLAKE'S HALL.

ADY DULCIE, wending her way back from the shebeen to the castle, under the escort of Rosie and the faithful Larry, dried her tears resolutely, and did her best—no hard task at sweet eighteen with love as an ally—to look on the bright side of things. Desmond could never leave her for long; of that she felt assured. He might go out into the world to seek his fortune, and of course one so brave, generous, handsome, and altogether admirable could hardly fail to find it, but his success or failure should never, she told herself, make any difference to her. The day was not far off when she would be her own mistress, and then no spite of accident or design should hold her from her lover's arms.

As she and her companions came upon the confines of the castle grounds two dusky figures approached them, and she made out by the faint light of the rising moon that they were Mr. Conseltine and his son Richard. They saluted her silently, to her great relief.

"She's been to meet that blackguard bastard, I suppose," said Richard, between his teeth. "Curse him!"

"With all my heart!" responded his senior. "Curse him, by all means. Your blunder of the morning has turned out better than I had dared to hope. But it was a blunder all the same."

"It might have been a blunder," returned Richard, "but so far it's answered. We've got the brute out of the house, and it won't be my fault if he gets in again."

"Twas too bold a stroke, Dick," said Conseltine. "You show your cards too openly—you play too boldly. If the proud-stomached young ass had only had a little common sense he might have consolidated his position with your uncle. Henry was in a mood to do anything, to commit any folly, after you insulting the boy."

"I couldn't help it," returned Richard. "I hate the cad to such an extent that I'd have shouted his shame in his face if it had cost me every penny I have and every penny I expect from Kilpatrick."

"You're a fool, Dick," said his father, smoothly as ever. It required a good deal to shake the elder Conseltine from his calm cynicism. "And if ye think the game's won just because ye've insulted the squireen and got him out of the castle for a single day you're a bigger fool than I ever thought you—and that's not

saying a little. The game's only begun. Henry's fond of the brat—absence will make him dearer still. It's quite on the cards that he may leave every stick and stone of his property to him and strand you with the barren title. Keep out of his way! He never liked you, and now he likes ye less than ever. Leave him to me. Leave Dulcie alone, too. Don't be trying to excuse yourself, or trying to make love to her; you'll only make bad a deal worse. Who's that in front of us? Your eyes are younger than mine."

"It's that drunken scoundrel, Blake."

"Blake!" repeated Conseltine, and fell into a slower step. "Well, 'tis lucky, on the whole. 'Tis as well he should know."

"Know what?" asked Richard.

"Know all there is to be known about this business of the squireen," answered the elder.

"What affair is it of his?"

"That you'll not learn from me," responded his father. "Not yet, at least. If it's ever necessary ye should know, I'll tell ye. Meanwhile keep a still tongue and an open eye. It's to the shebeen he's going; we'll follow him."

They were close behind Blake's heels by the time he had reached the door of the ale-house. He lurched round and faced them.



"The devil and his imp," he remarked, as a polite salutation, and stumbled across the threshold with no further greeting than a drunken laugh.

Peebles was in the kitchen, finishing a drink of whisky and chatting with the widow.

"Hullo! my king o' Scots," hiccuped Blake. "You here? Drinkin', too! Ye've taken to decent habits in yer old age. Here! Ye'll have another drink with me."

"Indeed, but I'll not," responded the sententious old Scot.

"Ye won't! Ye won't drink?"

"Yes, with my friends," returned Peebles, "but I see none o' them here."

He set his glass upon the table, nodded to the widow, and went out to keep his already recorded interview with Moya in the churchyard.

Blake laughed with drunken good humor.

"Tis a brave boy, old Peebles. He doesn't like me, but after all 'tis a question of taste, and no gentleman quarrels on such a ground. Bedad, I'm dhry." He searched his pockets and found them empty. "Here, ye little spalpeen," he continued, accosting Richard, "pay for a drink for me. Sure, 'twill be a luxury for ye, and one ye don't often enjoy."

"Bring some whisky, if you please, Mrs. Daly," said Conseltine, smoothly, before Richard could muster his heavy wits to retort. "Sit down, Blake, and listen to me. Are ye sober enough to talk business?"

"I'm as sober as I need be," responded Blake, "and more sober than I want to be at this hour o' the night."

"That's easily cured," said Conseltine, dryly, handing him a charged tumbler, "but don't go too far—this is business."

"Discoorse," said Blake, tossing off the spirit, "and I'll listen."

The widow still lingered about the room, making pretense of trifling with some household task. Conseltine, with a smooth voice, bade her leave them to themselves, and she obeyed, after which he rose, and for greater security barred the door leading to the village street.

"Ye're mighty mysterious," said Blake. "What is it, at all?"

"Have you heard what happened at the castle this morning?" asked Conseltine, leaning across the rude table at which the two were seated, and speaking in a whisper.

"How the devil should I?" asked Blake. "I've not been out of bed an hour, and I'd be there still, but the whisky gave out and I kem here to wet my whistle."

"Tis better ye should hear it from me than from another," said Conseltine in the same tone of extreme caution. "Dick, here, made a fool of himself this morning."

"Did he, be jabers?" said Blake, with a laugh. "Sure, his Creator did that for him twenty years ago."

"He had a row with the squireen, young Desmond Macartney, and let out what he knew about his birth."

"Tis the first time I knew that he knew anything about it," said Blake. "Was it you that trusted him with such a secret?"

"Never mind how he came to know," returned Conseltine. "He learned the secret. Desmond provoked him, and he blurted it out before everybody—Lady Dulcie, my brother, Peebles, and all."

"And he's here to tell the tale!" said Blake, with an air of drunken surprise. "Bedad, I'm a good man o' my fists, but 'tis not I that would like to tell the squireen that story."

"Listen! Listen!" said Conseltine, beating the tops of his fingers on the table a little impatiently.

"Dye mane to sit there, Dick Conseltine," said Blake, "an' tell me that ugly rip o' a lout o' yours tould the squireen that, and there was no fight!"

"Divil a bit of a fight," answered Conseltine. "The boy was knocked clean out of time; ye never saw a man so all abroad. Well, when he came to, his lordship told him he'd acknowledge him before the world."

"His lordship's a gentleman," cried Blake. "By the Lord, he is! If only he could have a decent skinful o' liquor he'd be the finest gentleman in Ireland, bar none. And what did the squireen say?"

"He cursed the father that begot him," returned Conseltine. "He shook the dust of the house off his feet and swore he'd never cross the threshold again."

"Then the boy's like his father—a gentleman," cried Blake, with a drunken cheer. "Here's to him, with three times three and all the honors. And what did the ould man say to that?"

"It has made him seriously ill," returned Conseltine. "He has passed the day in bed, and has refused himself to everybody except Peebles. Now, Blake,"—he leaned further across the table and fixed his eyes on the face of the drunken squire,—"the time has come for a definite understanding between us."

"Well!" asked Blake. "He made an obvious and partially successful attempt to sober

himself. "Give me that jug o' water." It was passed to him, and he drained it, to the great apparent refreshment and steadyng of his wits. "A man has need of all his brains, Dick Conseltine, when ye speake in that tone o' voice. Out with it—what hell-broth are ye brewing now?"

"There's no new development yet," answered Conseltine, "though something may occur at any moment with Henry in his present condition. But I want to know definitely, yes or no, are you for us or against us?"

"That just depends on how ye treat me," returned Blake. "I don't know whether it is that I'm gettin' old, or whether the whisky is playin' the devil with my nerves—which is what I'd call my conscience if I was one o' the pious sort—or what it is, but I—I fluctuate. Sometimes—it's generally in the morning, when I wake—I feel pinitent; I feel that I'd like to go over to the inimy and clear my breast o' the load I've borne this eighteen years and more. What are ye doin'?" he asked, angrily, as Conseltine trod heavily on his foot beneath the table. "Oh, the cub! Sure, I said nothin' that he has the brains to understand. Yes, Mr. Richard Conseltine, that's how I feel at toimes, and it comes over me generally in the mornin', when the whisky's out and me pockets is empty. And, be thunder! if I did, if I did tell all I know—holy Moses! what a racket it would make up at the castle, and all Ireland over. Faith, I'd live in history. 'Twould be what the play-actors call a foine situation. And let me tell ye, there's them as'd make it worth me while to do it."

"You drunken hog!" said Conseltine, under his breath. "You won't do that, Blake?"

"Won't I?" returned Blake. "Faith, you're surer about it than I am."

"No," said Conseltine, "you won't do it. I can make it better worth your while to keep silent."

"Then why the devil don't ye?" asked Blake. "Ye're very fond o' talkin' about your gratitude, and ye hould out fine promises, but what do ye do?"

"It seems to me," returned the other, "that I've done a good deal."

"And it seems to me," said Blake, banging the table to emphasize the personal pronoun, "that ye do — little. I tell ye, Dick Conseltine, it's not for nothing that I'm going to suffer the torments of an aching conscience."

"Your aching conscience," said Conseltine, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "has been fairly well salved so far. Is it money that you want?"

"Bedad, it is, thin," said the other. "I haven't the price of a glass in the wide world."

"Well," said his fellow-conspirator, "I'm willing to do what I can in reason."

"In reason!" repeated Blake. "Your notions of what's reasonable and mine may not agree. Look here, now; what d'ye say to two hundred pounds?"

"Two hundred pounds!" cried Conseltine, with well-acted amazement. "Oh, come, come, Blake!"

"Come, come!" echoed Blake. "Tis you that has to come—I've gone far enough along the road to hell. I'll go no farther unless I'm paid for it. I want two hundred pounds tomorrow, and I'll have it or know the reason why!"

"I can't do it, Blake," said Conseltine.

"Very well, then," said Blake, "his lordship can; and I'll not only get me two hundred, but aise me aching conscience at the same time."

"I think you are hard," said Conseltine. "Come, Blake. Our interests stand or fall together. Look at the affair all around, pro and con. You might get that two hundred from Henry, but 'twould be all you'd get. Now, serve my interest, and Dick's here, and you're safe for life. Have I ever refused you money when you asked for it?"

"That's all right," said Blake; "don't refuse me now."

"Well," groaned Conseltine, "if you must have it, you must."

"Bedad, I must," returned the other, with a nod full of meaning. "Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, it's a bargain."

"To-morrow, mind."

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Good! Then I'll drug my conscience and accept the solatium. And now I'm goin' home."

"Very well," said Conseltine, "I'll see you to-morrow."

"Then come alone," retorted Blake, with a disfavoring eye on Richard. "Don't bring the cub with you. Come alone—ye're bad enough that way."

He reeled from the room, and Conseltine's glance, as it followed him, was full of a dark and concentrated loathing.

"The insolent scoundrel!" said Richard, when he was out of hearing. "Why do you stand him? What is his hold over you?"

"I hope you'll never need to know," returned his father, draining his glass. "Curse him! I wish he was in the grave!"

"He's going there as fast as drink can take him," said Richard.

"I feel inclined sometimes," said his amiable parent, "to give him a lift on the journey."

VIII.

MOYA MACARTNEY.

PEEBLES, returning home to the castle after his midnight interview with Moya Macartney in the churchyard, passed a sleepless and troubled night, revolving in his mind all the events of the sad history in which the unfortunate woman had played so strange a part, and canvassing all that her mysterious and unexpected return to life might mean to herself and others. More than once he determined to disregard Moya's strenuous injunction to silence, and at once break to Lord Kilpatrick the news of her continued existence and of her presence in the district, but again and again the memory of the solemn promises of secrecy he had given, and the thought that so sudden and heavy a shock might be fatal to one of his lordship's age and feeble health, dissipated that intention.

"Eh!" he murmured to himself, as he tossed and tumbled in vain effort to discover a way out of the labyrinth of difficulties the business presented, "it's a troublos affair. I'd like to do justice, gin I could see my way clear to the doing o't. I'd like fine to bowl out that smug-faced hypocrite, Conseltine, and that lump o' stupidity, his son. 'Twould be the grandest day's work I ever did. But I promised, like an ould fule, and I must keep my promise and just bide on the decrees o' Providence."

He rose long before his usual hour, early as that was, and went out into the fresh breeze of early morning. Dawn was faintly glimmering on the mountain-tops, and the dew was heavy on the grasses of the lawn. He looked up at the light which shone faintly in his master's window.

"Twill be but a pur night's rest he's had, I'm thinkin', pur ould sinner! found out by his sin at last. Eh, but the lad's curses will lie heavy on his heart. Mine's wae for him, and for the braw cal'ant I've seen grow up from a bairn, and for the lovely wumman out yonder."

A sudden idea struck him; he drew out his watch and consulted it eagerly.

"Near hand to four o'clock," he murmured. "The mill's but three miles awa'. I can do it in an hour, and another hour to come back. I'll gang and see Moya and persuade her to hear, reason."

He took his hat and stick and set out at the briskest pace he could attain toward Moya's lodging-place. It was a rough and stony track, and by the time he came in sight of the mill the old man was fain to sit upon a chance boulder and pant his breath back. Caution was necessary; he wished to do nothing that could by any chance give gossip or conjecture a handle, and he walked cautiously round the mill, glad of the babble of the stream which covered the sound of his footsteps on the turf and gravel. Nobody was stirring, the place and all the country-side lay still and gray under the morning mist, now faintly touched here and there with threads of opalescent color by the yet invisible sun. He threw a small pebble cautiously at the window shutter of Moya's sleeping-place, and a minute later it opened and revealed her pale, lined face. He made a gesture, cautioning her to silence, and then by another invited her to join him. She nodded to show comprehension of his pantomime, and a minute later stood beside him. "Come awa' out by here; we'll be safer."

They walked on side by side in silence till they reached a little declivity between two hills which hid them from all chance of observation, and then Peebles spoke.

"Moya, woman," he said, "tell me why, after all these years, ye come here now?"

"I came to see my son," she answered.

"Aye," he said, "that's natural enough, na doubt. But is that all ye came for?"

She darted a keen look at him—a look in which question and surprise were both expressed.

"Moya," he went on, "since I saw ye last night I've not closed my eyes for thinking o' you and the pur lad, your son. Eh, woman, but it's clear impossible that after that one glimpse o' his bonny face, and that one sound o' his voice, ye should be content to gang back to solitude—it's clear impossible. Let me tell him ye're alive and near him. He's alone, too, now. His place is by your side, your duty is to comfort him under the trouble he's suffering; ye ken that weel."

"Mr. Peebles," said Moya, steadily, "the path of duty is not always plain, but I'm going to clear mine if I can, by your help. God knows my very bones are full of desire for the child I love. I was near crying out who I was last night when I kissed him; but I've borne the bitter times of solitude now for eighteen years, and my time here will not be so long as that. I'll bear it to the end rather than disgrace and shame my child!"

"But, Moya, he knows!" cried Peebles. "He

kens you were not married to his father. I winna say but if he had never learned that, ye wad no be in the right to keep apart from him; but he knows it. He's cast off his father; he has barely a friend in the world, barring me, pur ould dormant deevil that I am. He has need o' ye. Ye'll heal his sair heart, and he'll love ye, and cherish ye and comfort your declining years."

Moya shook her head.

"He's young," she said, with a world of meaning in her tone. "A heart as young as his won't break for such a trouble as he's suffering now. He'll go out into the big world, where the shame's not known, and win his way. What would I be to him—a nameless vagabond, a poor, ignorant ould woman. I should only kap him down and disgrace him. No—ye must tell Desmond nothing—yet. Ye asked me just now," she went on after a pause, "if I had no other reason to come here after all these years but just to see my boy."

"Well?" asked Peebles.

"I had—I had another reason, or I'd have resisted the temptation now as I have fought it down all that long, dreary time. I've a question to ask ye, Mr. Peebles."

She paused there for so long a time that the old man snapped out suddenly, with excusable irritation:

"Weel, weel, lassie! What is it?"

"There's so much depends on the answer that I hardly dare to ask," said Moya, with a voice suddenly gone tremulous. "Tell me," she continued, after another pause, "if ye know a gentleman in this part of the country that calls himself Blake—Patrick Blake, of Blake's Hall?"

"Do I know him?" echoed Peebles. "Aye, I know him fine, the drucken scoun'rel. Abody kens him for miles round. But what depends on my knowing Patrick Blake, lassie?"

"Much may depend on it," said Moya. "Desmond's future depends on it."

"Desmond's future? Why, what in the name of a' that's meaning can Pat Blake hae to do wi' Desmond's future?"

"Was Mr. Blake?" asked Moya, slowly, and with an amount of effort which helped the old man to understand the importance she attached to the answer, "was Mr. Blake ever a clerk in holy orders?"

Peebles stared at her in sheer bewilderment. Had she asked if he himself had ever been Pope of Rome, the question could hardly have seemed more ludicrous, but there was a painful solemnity in her manner which would have stayed a man less grave than he from laughter.

"Loch!" he muttered. "Trouble's clear turned the pur lass's brains. Holy orders! Pat Blake! By my soul! but it's an odd question."

"Not under that name, but another—Ryan O'Connor."

"He's borne no name but Patrick Blake that I've ever kenned o'," said Peebles, still groping painfully for any meaning in Moya's queries. "She's hoverin'," he muttered to himself; but the calm intentness of Moya's glance, though contradicted by the heaving bosom and irregular breath with which she spoke, did not accord with the explanation. "What if he ever was a priest under that name, lass?" he asked at last.

"I was married to Lord Kilpatrick," said Moya, "by a man calling himself the Rev. Father Ryan O'Connor."

"Gude guide us!" ejaculated the old Scot. "And do ye think twas Patrick Blake?"

"I know it was Patrick Blake," replied Moya. "That much I'm sure of."

"But how do you know it?" asked the bewildered Peebles.

"Sure, 'twould be too long a story to tell ye now. 'Twas only lately that an accident put me on the track. It took time and trouble to get Ryan O'Connor and Patrick Blake into the same skin, but I did it. And now, all that remains to foind is just whether Blake was ever a priest, or whether his office was as false as his name. Will ye do that for me, Mr. Peebles? 'Tis not for my sake I ask it, but for my son's—for Desmond's."

The Soo Canal and the Commerce of the Lakes.

THE opening of the Canadian "Soo" canal (past the rapids of St. Mary's River), connecting Lakes Superior and Huron, will mark an era in the history of navigation on the great lakes, and will, at the same time, give an added impetus to ship-building on our inland seas. The fact that this canal gives a depth of twenty feet on the miter-sill means that loaded vessels drawing eighteen and nineteen feet of water can now pass down to the foot of Lake Huron. The government engineers are now at work deepening the St. Clair Lake channel to accord with the general scheme of twenty feet for all channels and harbors, and when this is completed the big five-thousand-ton boats can bring down their cargoes of grain or ore from Duluth, Superior, or Chicago, to Buffalo, at the foot of Lake Erie. That, for the present, must be the eastern terminus of deep-water navigation on the lakes. Let us examine, briefly, the character of this commerce, and whether there be any necessity of admitting it to communication with the seaboard. Compared with the great Suez Canal the commerce of the St. Mary's Falls Canal (American, the Canadian canal being under construction) in 1894 was as follows :

St. Mary's.	Suez.
Number of vessels passed.....	14,491 3,352
Tonnage, net registered.....	13,110,366 8,039,106
Days of navigation.....	234 365

The size of the vessels on both routes is steadily increasing. In 1887 the average tonnage of vessels passing through the St. Mary's Canal was 623 ; in 1894 it was 906. According to the United States Treasury report on commerce and navigation, the number of steam vessels of one thousand gross tons and over in 1894 was 359, with aggregate tonnage of 634,467.84, while the number of such vessels owned in other parts of the country was 316, with aggregate tonnage of 642,642.5. A good half of the big ships of the United States are employed, therefore, upon the great lakes, and were built on those waters. The entire lake fleet of 1894 is classified as follows :

No.	Gross Tonnage.
Steam vessels.....	1,731 834,239
Sailing vessels.....	1,149 302,9-5
Canal boats.....	386 41,961
Barges.....	85 39,214
	3,341 1,218,399

These vessels represent an investment of \$65,000,000. The whole tonnage of Quebec and Ontario (part of which is sea-going) is but 324,000 tons, which shows a slight decrease from the figures of eight years ago.

A quarter of a century ago, when Proctor Knott pointed at the future of Duluth as "the zenith city of the unsalted seas," the commerce of Lake Superior was only about 500,000 tons, while to-day it is over 12,000,000 tons ; which is more than the commerce of Suez, and more than the estimates made for Nicaragua. The commerce at Detroit is estimated by Engineer Lyman E. Cooley, of the Chicago Drainage Canal, as equal to that passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, which is regarded as the most crowded path of commerce of the world. It should be remembered, too, that during the season of navigation more tons of freight go out of Chicago each week by water than by rail, despite the fact that seven great trunk lines are competing for the business.

The ship-building industry on the lakes is already reaching mammoth proportions, and is steadily growing. As elsewhere, steel is taking the place of wood, and larger vessels the place of the trim, light craft of a quarter of a century ago. At the ship-yards at South Chicago, at West Superior, at Cleveland and Buffalo, great steel shells may be seen on the ways. From the South Chicago yards will be launched this summer six vessels which will carry an aggregate of 30,000 tons of freight. Two of these Leviathans are 380 feet from the keel, and will carry 6,000 tons each, at twenty feet draught. Two steel steamers of the Minnesota Iron Company will carry 5,000 tons each, and their spars, brought down from the forests of Washington, are 105 feet high. Next winter it is expected that keels of 400 feet will be laid down. The magnificent steamships *North West* and *North Land*, built at Cleveland for passenger service only, are 386 feet long, 44 feet beam, and of 5,500 tons register. At West Superior are ship-yards which boast of launching annually the heaviest tonnage of steel vessels of any yards in the United States except Philadelphia. The celebrated whalebacks, one of which has made the voyage from Superior to Liverpool and around the Horn to the Pacific coast, have set a new model of marine architecture. Half a dozen of these ships will carry as much freight as a fleet of seventy-five or eighty of the old lake schooners.

One of our illustrations shows the method of handling ore by conveyor. The moveable bridge tramway may be lowered or elevated at either end, so that after the buckets, holding a ton, are

filled by the shovellers, they are emptied at the pile and returned in forty-five seconds.

So that the deep channel on the lakes means larger vessels and cheaper freight, cheaper handling, and cheaper production.

The executive board of the International Deep Waterways Association has just finished its meeting in Chicago to outline a programme for the annual convention, which is to be held at Toronto in September. Oliver A. Howland, M.P., of Toronto, is the president, and Lyman E. Cooley, of Chicago, is the vice-president of the association. Its policy of "twenty feet of water from the lakes to the sea" has been adopted by both the United States and the Dominion governments, and all canal and channel and harbor improvement is now done with that end in view. The American Soo Canal will soon have its new lock completed, which will be much wider and a foot deeper than the Canadian lock. It is a curious fact, too, that the best channel, not only down the St. Mary's River but down the St. Charles, is on the American side.

The Canadian Soo Canal would, therefore, seem an entirely unnecessary expenditure of four million dollars, but the explanation is found in the international difficulty that soldiers and war material of any foreign government cannot be carried through the canal. Notwithstanding, therefore, that Canada has

but a very small percentage of the lake marine, and a still smaller share of the lake commerce, she finds it necessary, or the home government does, to have a canal of her own ; for the statesmen of Britain have long heads. The lakes are not only the outlet of Canada's great northwest, which is destined to be a great and prosperous empire, but they furnish the water route, with the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence, between the Atlantic seaboard and Port Arthur, the Lake Superior port of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. And the Canadian Pacific is Britain's strongest hold on India and the East, and her strongest defense against aggression in that quarter. France and Russia might close the Suez Canal, or a European coalition might even succeed in blocking the path by the Cape of Good Hope, but Russia would hesitate to descend upon India from the north, or even to seize Corea or Manchuria, while the short path across Canada remains open. That is the secret of the construction of this little bit of canal, hardly more than a mile long, in the centre of the North American continent.

The new era of the twenty-foot channel is alarming the shipping interests of Chicago, where the old harbor has become inadequate to the changed demands. South Chicago has now become her deep-water harbor, and she has the alternative offered her of seeing her iron, coal, and heavy grain shipping industries go twelve miles from the Chicago River (though still in the corporation limits), or constructing a new deep-water harbor outside of the old one.

New York State, too, is no uninterested spectator. The Erie Canal, with its seven feet of water, is a back number, no less than the old Lake Erie and Ohio Canal, with its four-foot locks. To deepen the Erie Canal to a ship-canal is an acknowledged impossibility, and the deep-waterway engineers are now figuring on an international highway from the St. Lawrence River to the foot of Lake Champlain, involving, also, the duplication of the Welland Canal on the New York side, and a ship-canal from Champlain, via Lake George, to the Hudson. New York, as the great metropolis of the Atlantic, must be the eastern terminus of the great interior waterway of America.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

The Mistakes of American Novelists.

IF we of common clay, the ordinary mortals, may be permitted to make note of the errors of genius and the mistakes of those who have risen to the heights of American literature, it will prove at least the truth of that fable which tells us "a cat may look at a king." The mental obliviousness of the modern writers of fiction sometimes leads them to ignore and forget facts and simple truths. No one for a moment looks upon their errors as intentional. The average reader, too, with a like mental obliviousness, will in most instances fail to notice faults and blunders in the construction of the plot of the modern novel.

We smile as we read and pass swiftly by the stories of maidens that wander in "lonely woods" at unearthly hours of night, always clad in "a soft, white, clinging gown." Now every girl knows that the average maiden is too much afraid of tramps and snakes to wander in "lonely woods." The weather, too, appears to perplex our novelists, for not infrequently they begin a chapter at dawn, there are a few moments' conversation, and then the "sun sets in lurid banks behind the distant emerald mountains."

In a recent issue of a leading juvenile magazine, a well-known novelist, recounting the adventures of two boys on two donkeys, makes the heels of one donkey kick up and throw off the boy on the other animal, which, according to the story, was fully eight miles away from the kicking donkey.

The principal mistakes of writers are anachronistic. While many of these anachronisms are blunders, others have been purposely made for "art's sake." Mr. William Dean Howells has made such a defense of his anachronism in "Silas Lapham," when he refers to one of his characters as a "Daisy Miller" sort of a girl, although the action of his story is placed at a date earlier than that of Henry James's tale. Besides the several petty errors and anachronisms of which Howells has been convicted, to the amusement of his host of admirers, attention has been called to a slip in "A Florentine Mosaic," where, speaking of the Italian military, he says : "Not large and strong, but regular and refined of face, rank and file alike, in that democracy of good looks which one sees in no other land"—evidently intending the phrase "rank and file" to mean officers and men, instead of only the enlisted men, as it really means. "The body of private soldiers composing the army," is Stormonth's definition of the phrase. Rank means the formation abreast ; file from front to rear.

In the second installment of Mr. Howells's very clever story "Indian Summer," I note the following lapses from correct English. In one paragraph the speaker is made to say "he was going to come every Thursday"; and in the very next sentence, "Miss Graham drew him a cup of tea from the Russian samovar." Miss Graham certainly did not draw him, but drew the tea for him. Again in the same chapter : "A wholesome reaction would ensue, such as you see now in me, whom the thing happened to in real life."

Hasty production will account for some, though not for all the blemishes which abound in Mr. Marion Crawford's story, "To Leeward." What does he mean by "airy furniture"? How could one man "wring another's cowardly neck to death"? Is it possible for a woman to "fire off the shots of her brimming affection"? Why is Leonora's sister-in-law, an Italian, married to a French Comte, perpetually spoken of as Donna Dianna? Why should a spy, exulting in the discovery of a clandestine meeting between the lovers, be compared to some "dark, evil genius of a low order, waiting Mr. Darwin to evolve him into the advanced condition of a complete devildom"—unless it be that Mr. Darwin's name is ornamental, whether appropriate or not?

By the rules of blundering adopted by the modern novelist, Mr. Frank R. Stockton is permitted to change the color of "The Late Mrs. Null's" eyes without protest. If it were her hair I would not complain. On one page she gives Lawrence "an honest, straightforward look from her gray eyes," while on another page she fixed on him "her large, blue eyes."

Is it proper for a heroine to have an assortment of eyes?

Bret Harte is acknowledged to be a famous novelist, and his stories of California life are supposed to have the true local color. He was a resident of California for many years, and spent some time in the forests of northern California. It would seem that in the time spent in the home of the redwood he should have learned something about the qualities of this model building-wood. But, judging from a passage in his story entitled "Susy, the Story of a Waif," he either knows little about it, has forgotten what he did know (which amounts to the same), or is very careless. The passage referred to occurs in Chapter IV., and reads as follows : ". . . . and the exposed annex was filled with sharp, resinous odors from the oozing sap of unseasoned 'redwood' boards, warped and drying in the hot sunshine." Any one who has lived in California should know that there is no "resinous odor" in seasoned or "unseasoned" redwood ; nor does any sap ooze from redwood boards, and it is the one grand quality of redwood that it does not "warp." It shrinks slightly endwise, but there is no warping, as any carpenter can testify. Buildings are erected with redwood just out of the pond and filled with water, and there is no warping, no opening of seams or joints, "and no resinous odor of oozing sap."

WILL M. CLEMENS.

Valkyrie III.

ALL the pictures and descriptions of *Valkyrie III.* show that she is a trim sort of craft. She has now been sailing some two weeks, and in each succeeding trial seems to develop some additional good point. In light airs she has already shown herself a veritable ghost, gliding along as though aided by an invisible electric motor. In a breeze she has also been tried, though not to any extent. Still, she shows that the reputation of her designer, Watson, for building craft to stand up in a gale is safe in

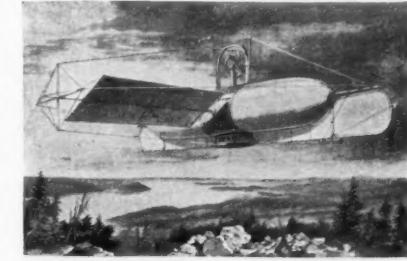
her keeping. Her rating is stated to be, approximately, 185.

The Barnes Air-Ship.

EVERY one is familiar with the construction and limitations of the old-fashioned balloon (gas-chamber, netting, and basket) and its incapacity in the field of complete air-navigation.

Aeroplanes—flying-machines—latterly so much studied and experimented, have not yet been made or worked with skill enough to produce practical results of very great value ; and no aeroplane or flying-machine can guarantee safety without gas buoyancy ; thus these also fail as a means to the solution of the air-navigation problem.

The Barnes air-ship—to which, as its inventor, I have ventured to give my name, is, I claim, the first and only construction qualified to demonstrate in the air the *threefold principle*—of *gas-buoyancy, windplane and motor power*—essential to adequate and safe aerial navigation. I say *windplane* in contradistinction



THE BARNES AIR-SHIP.

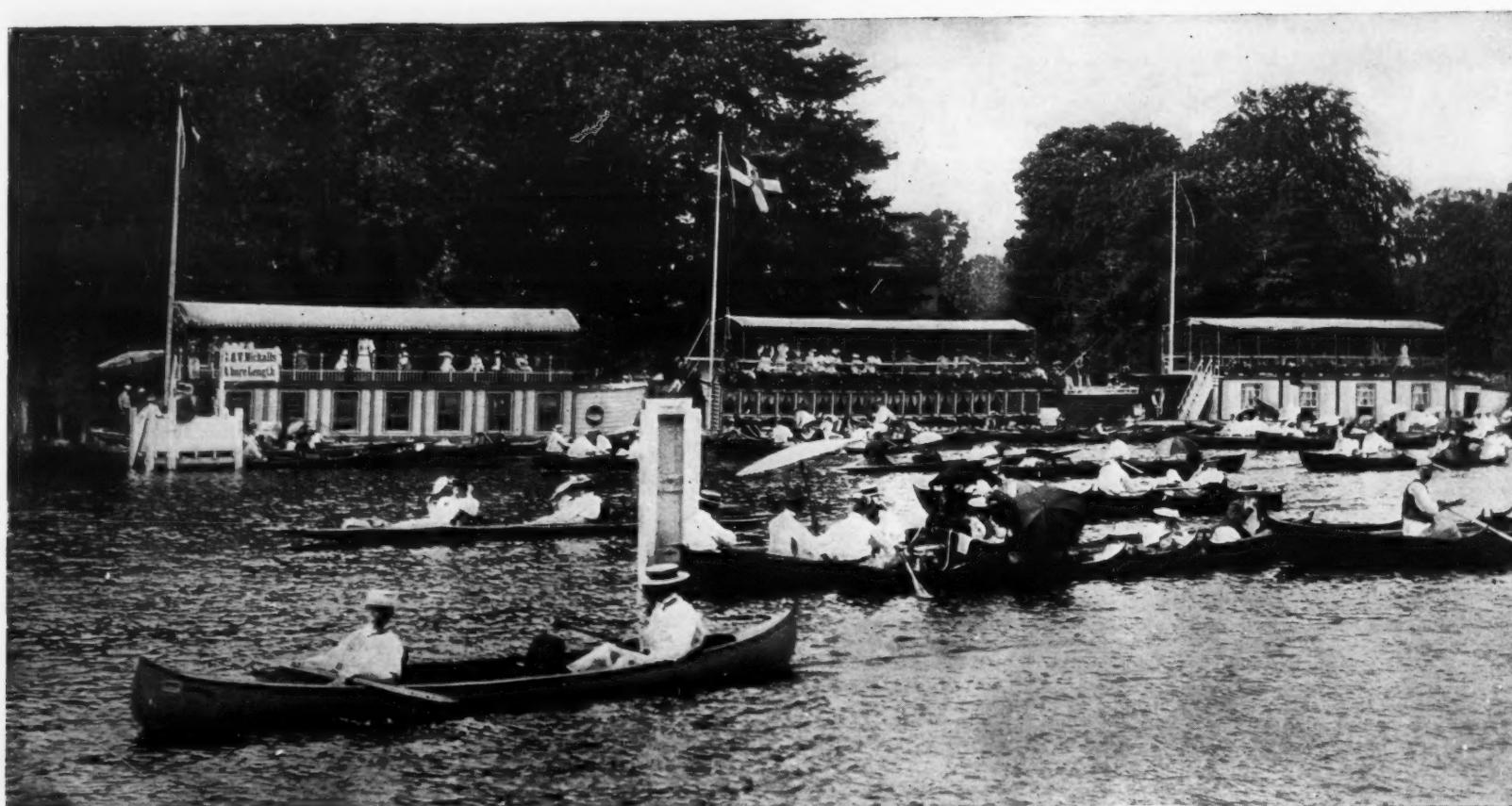
tion to propelled aeroplane because the latter is driven through the air at a fixed angle and irrespective of making any use of the wind, whereas the *windplane*, as I design it, is constructed to turn on its axis at any angle whatever, according to the use it may be desired to make of the wind. So far as I know, mine is the only windplane ever adapted to use at any angle.

In my air-ship, by means of a screw-propeller swinging within a rigid arc, power can be applied at any linear angle, for propulsion up and down, backward and forward.

As I am limited in space, I must hope that the accompanying drawing will convey to the reader some general idea of the air-ship. I may say, in brief, that an entire of rigidity is secured in the construction of my air-ship by means of a complete system of horizontal, lateral, and vertical tubing, thoroughly guyed. Professor Carl E. Meyers, who was present at the débüt of my small model, wrote me, June, 1893 : "It is altogether the most practical construction for the direct application of power for the purpose of navigating an air-ship, and for directing the same upward or downward and for steering at any angle, that I have seen ; and I am familiar with all the various inventions and mechanisms and experiments therewith that have appeared in this line up to date. Its operation should convince any observer of its entire capacity to move in any direction or manner the operator may choose, and as natural laws favor increase in the size of aeronautical vessels, a larger construction than your model should proportionately better demonstrate its qualifications and advantages ; therefore, in the interests of the establishment of air navigation as a practical fact, beyond the scientific skepticism and popular incredulity which have so long densely obstructed achievement in this field, I hope you are planning a larger ship, such as will more adequately exhibit your admirably feasible design."

The air-ship built large enough to carry and be propelled by a common motor will prove useful as a means of public travel, for health purposes, excursions, commerce, exploration, communication between different races of men, etc., etc. It can be constructed for individual use, as in the case of the bicycle. Such air-ships would, of course, be the privilege of the wealthy until universal desire should create the demand which, by increasing manufacture, would reduce price and gradually bring it into range with the bicycle ; and for business journeys, short and long, it would wholly supersede the bicycle in mud and snow time. The question of aerial transit in large numbers, as now represented by the railroad and ocean steam systems, is merely a matter of time and money, and of time only because of money ; and of money—in the sense of risk—only until after the initial stage has merged into that of established use, as in the cases of the land and water systems ; for that passenger and traffic transport and interchange as now confined to land and water will ultimately be successfully re-enforced and largely supplanted by aerostation as is inevitable as progress itself.

And that man may indeed be called happy before he dies who is both wise and rich enough to realize this by throwing open to the race the thoroughfares of the air. WALTER BARNES.



BOAT-HOUSES ON THE RIVER THAMES, NEAR FAWLEY COURT—SCENE ON A REGATTA DAY.

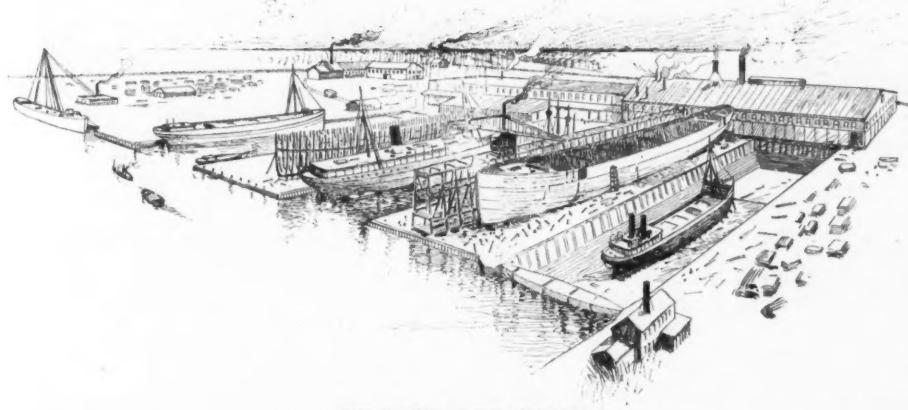


THE FINISH OF A REGATTA AT HENLEY.



AFTER A RACE.

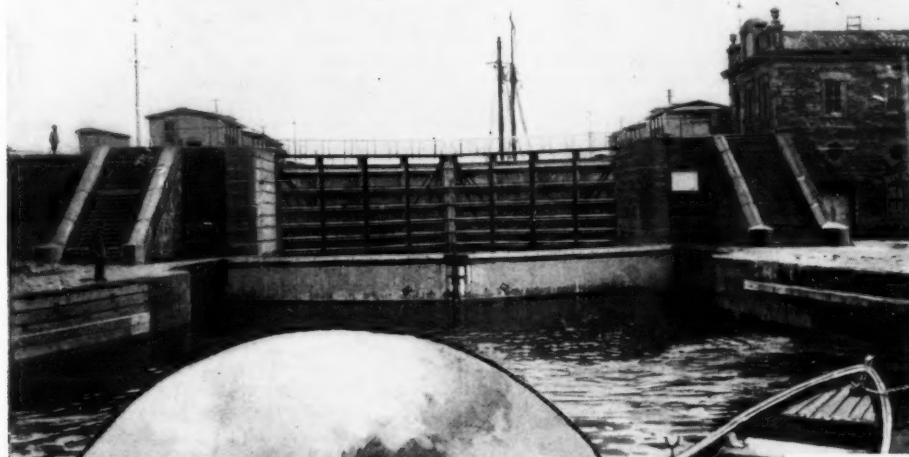
THE REGATTA COURSE AT HENLEY ON THE THAMES, SCENE OF THE INTERNATIONAL RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMEN.—[SEE PAGE 26.]



SHIP-YARDS, SOUTH CHICAGO.



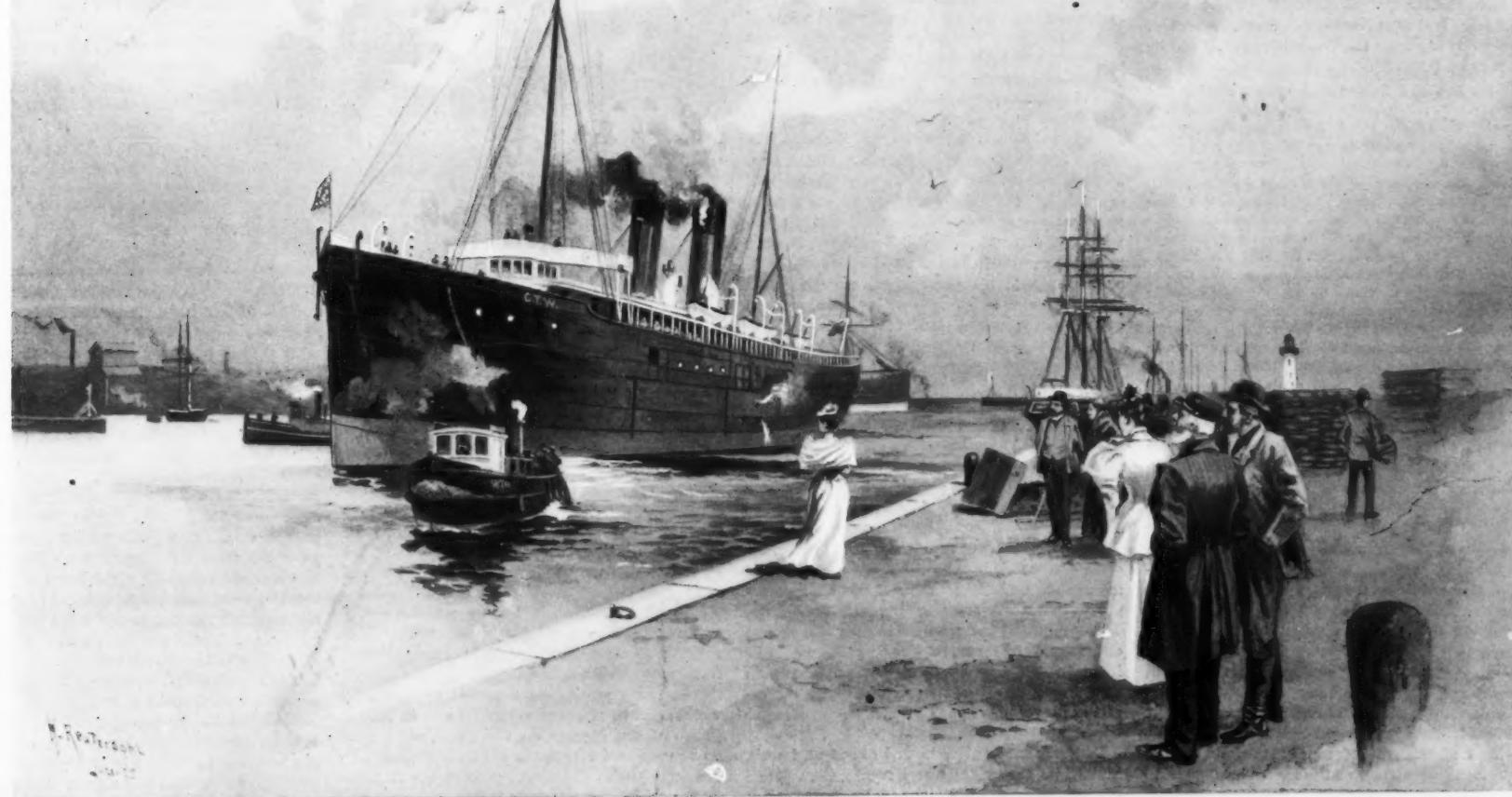
ORE-CONVEYERS, SOUTH CHICAGO.



AMERICAN SOO CANAL—EMPTYING THE BIG LOCK.



CANADIAN SOO CANAL—THE NINE-HUNDRED-FEET LOCK.

CANADIAN SOO CANAL-LOCK FROM THE EAST.
A WHALEBACK ON HER WAY TO THE SEA.

PROPOSED DEEP-WATER HARBOR, CHICAGO.

THE "SOO" CANAL, CONNECTING LAKES SUPERIOR AND HURON, AND THE COMMERCE OF OUR INLAND WATERS—TWENTY FEET OF WATER FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA, THE POLICY OF THE FUTURE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

AMATEUR ATHLETICS

Cornell and the Henley Regatta.

It has been said, and with truth, that the Henley regatta is the pride of all English oarsmen, and the race for the Grand Challenge cup, in which Cornell is entered, is considered by experts to be the fastest race in the world. Seldom, indeed, are the competing crews more than a half-length apart, and the race is, in consequence, nothing but a spurt from start to finish. It is estimated that not less than ninety thousand people yearly witness this one race, to say nothing of the grand total who go to make up the attendance for the week.

The going of Cornell to England several weeks ago, and the reasons which inspired her to such an adventurous end, have already received attention. It would seem, however, in order now to speak more particularly of the regatta in which they are a conspicuous entry, and to whom many and many an American looks to either win the great race, or row a race reflecting only the greatest credit upon American methods and the science of rowing.

The Henley course is reached from London by a thirty-five-mile ride through the most beautiful country in lower England. During the week of racing some two dozen trains are run daily to the fairyland scene, where house-boats, gayly decked and crowded with guests, line the river banks, as shown in the illustrations on page 24. While originally the course was over a mile and a quarter against a current, and afflicted with sharp turns, time and reform have shortened the course to one mile, five hundred and fifty yards, causing but a slight bend at the start, the remainder of the course being straight-away. Stakes on either side, one hundred and thirty feet apart and mounted with white flags, mark the course unmistakably.

The manner of drawing for places, right or left bank, is interesting, and shows the extent to which luck enters the races. First, each crew is allotted a number, and a card bearing that number is placed in a hat. Two little girls then draw from the hat each a number, and the crews representing those numbers meet in the first heat. A second heat is arranged in like fashion, after which cards of the winners of heats are drawn.

Besides the element of chance in the drawings there enters another; for whereas, under ordinary conditions, the Berkshire side is the better, when the wind blows so as to make it a lee shore, the crew having the Buckingham shore are considered to have the advantage by at least seventy feet.

In explanation of the ineligibility of three of Cornell's best men from competition at Henley, the following from the *Washington Star* will be read with interest:

"The English definition of an amateur requires that an oarsman shall never have worked as an artisan for support, even for a day; he must never have been employed in the construction of boats; he must never have been an instructor in boating or athletic sports of any character, and he must never have competed with professional oarsmen. The requirement regarding foreign entries is strict. Applications for admission must be filed by foreign crews three months in advance of the date required for entries of English crews. This is to give the regatta committee time to verify the affidavits made by those desiring to enter that they are in true amateur standing. The rule was adopted in 1878, when it was learned that one of the speedy Showaecaemette four from this country, who had entered the Henley, had worked for a living. The Englishmen were determined that such a slip should not be repeated."

The scene at Henley may be briefly described as follows: Along the Berkshire banks lie groups of nestling greenwood-trees which are kind enough to permit glimpses from the river of widening, richly green lawn and undulating field. Under the shore, and more than a mile in extent, lies an unbroken string of college barges and house-boats, all decked out in a perfect glory of flowers, vines, and flaring red-and-white awnings.

The Buckinghamshire side of the course is the more popular of the two, for its gradually sloping shores offer to the wayfarer, the boys, and the college men a chance to run along, and, keeping up with the crews, for a time cheer their favorites to renewed effort.

Back of this class of race enthusiasts are the carriages, coaches, and the magnificent private equipages of the rich and the nobility of all England. Further removed still from the water are the thousand and one showmen, fakirs all, peddlers, and book-makers.

Of course the Grand Challenge cup race for which Cornell is entered is the race of the week,

still there are other famous races to be decided which claim the interest of all. As an instance, there are the Ladies' challenge plate for eight oars, established in 1845; the Thames cup for eight oars (1868); Stewards' challenge cup for fours (1842); the Visitors' challenge cup for fours (1847); the Wyfold challenge cup for fours also, which was established in 1855. Then there is the silver goblets race for pair oars, and the diamond sculls for single men, which was established as early as 1844.

The English stroke has been aptly described by an old Oxford oarsman as a quick stroke and a long one, with a fairly long slide, which varies, of course, according to the make-up of the men. There is nothing choppy about it, and the men in pulling row port and starboard, and not all directly in line over the keel. It is said upon excellent authority that few crews ever row the race at less than forty strokes to the minute, while the records show that so high as ninety-six strokes have been taken in the first two minutes, and that after that forty-two to forty-four were maintained to the finish.

The following record of the past ten years will give one an excellent idea of the time the winners of the Grand Challenge cup have made:

1885—Jesus College, Cambridge.....	7 22
1886—Trinity Hall, Cambridge.....	6 53
1887—Trinity Hall, Cambridge.....	6 56
1888—Thames Rowing Club.....	7 1
1889—Thames Rowing Club.....	7 4
1890—London Rowing Club.....	7 41 $\frac{1}{2}$
1891—Leander Club.....	6 51
1892—Leander Club.....	7 48 $\frac{1}{2}$
1893—Leander Club.....	7 45
1894—Leander Club.....	7 22

Now, when it is considered that Cornell on dead water at home, on Lake Cayuga, did, many times, the distance under seven minutes, and over the Henley course since their arrival in England within a few seconds of seven minutes, it will be seen that, win or lose, Cornell is none other than a crew of more than average ability.

ENGLAND'S CHAMPION TENNIS MEN HERE.

The recent West Newton tennis tournament, in which Dr. Joshua Pim, greatest of lawn racket-wielders in the world, and his partner, H. S. Mahoney, competed, started a boom in the game which cannot be too highly appreciated. While it has been acknowledged by experts in this country without exception that we are not up to the best men of England, the desire has been a warm one, indeed, to see on our own courts tennis in its greatest perfection. In fact, this desire has been a hobby with a few of our enthusiasts for some years. The great Renshaw was invited time and again and year after year during his prestige—then he who defeated Renshaw, and finally Pim. Pim himself was only induced to come after a mass of correspondence.

Pim's game, as shown against our best men, Hovey, Hobart, Chase, and Larned, is simply a marvel. A past-master of every known stroke, he seems ever in front of the ball, with the expenditure of the least possible energy, showing rare judgment of distance and speed, and possessing withal snap, patience, accuracy and strength, almost fierceness in smashing, in equally strong quantities.

Indeed, it is not saying too much to declare Pim head and shoulders a better player than our best man, Champion Wrenn, and a brief study of his masterly work is alone sufficient to show that our American experts have much yet to learn. Not only have our men got to learn to expend power only when power is going to count, but to observe patience, acquire greater accuracy and more daring in placing by the side lines.

Of course, it is too much to expect that great good can come by the foreigners' short stay among us, still it seems probable that a few points well worth the knowing were picked up. Were Pim and his partner to stay the season out, the play of several of our best men would be improved appreciably. This is so for the reason that tennis, of all games, requires that the aspiring player play against the strongest possible opponent.

H. S. Mahoney also showed excellent tennis, and while easily better all round than Goodbody, being more active and a harder hitter, it really seemed as though our champion might give him a close rub, if not actually defeat him. Mahoney's greatest stroke appears to be a back-hand smash, which is cut fiercely but with great accuracy, and, employ'd with a very

varied style of play, becomes puzzling in the extreme.

Pim's first game on American soil was played with young Malcolm Chase as opponent, and though the "boy wonder" did well, the game was apparently a practice game only for the English star. Now and then Pim would give an inkling of what he could do in playing a net game, rushing up and smashing right and left. His service was so strong and accurate that one double fault only was scored against him.

COLUMBIA'S GOOD FORTUNE AND ADMIRABLE WATERMANSHIP.

Columbia won the great three-cornered race and should feel proud of it. Cornell should feel no less proud of making the fight she did against adverse conditions, all of which favored the wearers of the blue-and-white. As Captain Armstrong remarked to me at Gales Ferry, and whose words were quoted in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, the heavy and more powerful crew have a great advantage in a head wind and sea. Columbia, with her great weights, when once under way, made nothing of the weather conditions. On the other hand, Cornell, with her one-hundred-and-sixty-three-pound crew, was tossed about like a shuttlecock in the choppy sea, and back by the head wind.

Many experts who saw the race agreed, after it was all over, that the story *might* have been different had the conditions been those under which crews usually delight to row races. But no matter what *might* have been. Columbia could not have won, even with the weather on her side, had her eight been men of fair ability only. On the contrary, the crew, a strong and good one, took advantage of their opportunity to its full, being handled by their coxswain ably.

Pennsylvania's showing was not such as to warrant the assertion that under more favorable conditions she would have won the race.

W. T. Bell.

A Talk with Liliuokalani.

FRESH conspiracies against the Dole government in Hawaii are said to be organizing on the Pacific coast, the principal actors in them being exiled royalists, among whom are several persons of wealth. One report associates Claus Spreckels with these revolutionary schemes, which, it is said, include the sending of two armed expeditions to unprotected points on the islands, whence they will move on Honolulu and attempt the restoration of Queen Lil. One of these islands is controlled by Spreckels, and it is thought that both men and arms could be landed there without difficulty.

The renewal of these plots in behalf of the dusky Queen revives public interest in her, per-

kahilis—poles of the koa wood, surmounted by spheroids of feathers, plucked from the rarest birds—emblems of Hawaiian royalty.

"Good-morning, your Majesty," exclaimed my escort a moment later, to a powerfully built woman who had entered the room. Courtesies between them having been exchanged, I was introduced. She motioned us to be seated, and stepping on to the dais, took her place in the gilded chair.

A woman at least six feet tall, whose weight must be two hundred and fifty pounds, she was clad in a loose, flowing robe of white, the sole ornament being a gold brooch studded with diamonds that clasped the collar. This costume is the national "*holoku*," worn by all Hawaiian women in the morning. The light, fluffy material contrasted poorly with the large, square face. It was not the face of a negress, yet it reminded one of the African type. The nose, broad and shapeless, with large nostrils, the thick lips, those hinted of negro ancestry, but on her head was coiled a mass of dark brown hair that any woman might well envy. Her eyes were dull and spiritless, and not once during the conversation that followed did her face lighten with a smile.

Liliuokalani, clad in black, with crown on head and sceptre in hand, might be a typical queen, but the impression made by the woman seated in that tawdry chair was, to say the least, disappointing.

A few commonplace pleasantries were exchanged, the climatic conditions of the islands being discussed. She spoke English well, but not fluently, as some of her admirers had averred. Her sentences were constructed strictly according to rules laid down by grammarians, but they were heavy and evidently the result of considerable effort. From the slow, deliberate manner in which she spoke it was evident that her mind kept well ahead of her tongue and framed the words far in advance of their articulation. Her pronunciation was too studied, the words lacking the smoothness of blending one into the other. Turning to me she said :

"May I ask what opinion you have formed regarding these islands—I mean the land, independent of the people?" To this I willingly testified that I had greatly enjoyed the visit, especially the trip to the volcano.

"Yes," said she, "Kilauea is grand; it is something beyond the comprehension of any one. But have you thought," she added after a moment's pause, "that the Hawaiian Islands have nothing indigenous with them; that not a flower, not a tree grows here but what the seed or plant came from some other clime?"

Then, after a long pause, she continued: "These islands are of volcanic origin, and it was not so many centuries ago that they rose from the sea, and for years they have been great heaps of red and black lava. Then a bird, passing overhead, dropped a seed and a plant sprang up; other birds passed, more seeds fell into a soil which wind and rain had made out of the lava, then trees grew."

Was she quoting sentences from a book, or were these ideas original? This question I cannot answer. In reading about Hawaii I have never seen this phraseology, yet the manner in which she spoke smacked more of recitation than composition. She continued: "Man came from another group of islands, and the Kanaka race was originated. Later other men came, and finally they began to arrive from all quarters of the globe. They brought seeds and plants, so that to-day Hawaiian vegetation is a mass that owes its origin to climates temperate and tropic, but there is nothing, nothing that speaks of Hawaii."

Liliuokalani's voice was more pleasing during the latter part of this monologue, for a tone of sadness softened the studied articulation. She resumed :

"I am mistaken perhaps in one thing. There is a bird which seems indigenous to Hawaii. It is the oo-bird, and I have never heard of its having been found in any other land. The woods were filled with them years ago, so our historians say, and their sweet notes filled the air from morning till night. But a peculiarity in their plumage led to their almost total destruction. They were black as ravens with the exception of two little yellow feathers that grew out from the breast. One day Kamehameha I said that he must have a robe that would reach from his shoulders to the ground, and that it must be made of the feathers of the oo-bird. His will was law, and the little ones were slaughtered by the millions. It took years to make that cloak, and it is probably the most expensive habiliment in the world. One similar, but smaller, was exhibited in the States, but the original Hawaiian royal robe I have in my possession and will be pleased to show it to you some day, but I must be excused now."

She rose, thus signifying the interview to be at an end, and passed out of the room, and a moment later the maid-servant conducted us into the garden. With that we bid adieu to the home of the melancholy Queen.

C. H. HAZELTINE.



EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

Edison the Elder.

THE purple asters were nodding in the crisp September air down under the great oaks and pines which stood shoulder to shoulder on the wide expanse of unkempt lawn, as I walked from the electric tramway up to the yellow house among the pines, where was lying in a dim delirium the father of one of the most wonderful men of the century. I had gone out to this suburban part of this little city of Port Huron, Michigan, while waiting for my boat to leave, to make a call on Samuel Edison, father of Thomas A. Edison, to gather what I might of the earlier history of the man who now stands so high among the inventors of the age.

For twenty-two years "Tom's" father—everybody calls him "Tom" here—had been living in this same yellow cottage. I knew of his extreme age—he was ninety last August—and yet I had heard before I went to call on him how spry of foot he was, how keen of mind, how quick at humble repartee. So I had hoped to find this quite remarkable man both an interesting study and an encyclopedic of information. But instead, I saw a long, gaunt frame, lying upon what seemed to me must be his bed of death, the light of reason faded from the keen, old eyes. He was moaning in his sleep, and now and then calling out for some one, mayhap his son—the son of whom he has been so proud.

You cannot ask a man on the streets of Port Huron if he knows where Mr. Edison lives without receiving an affirmative answer, and, if you seem a stranger to the place, there is sure to follow a recital of the old gentleman's many striking characteristics. And you will at once be corrected in your pronunciation of the name—if you follow the one in common use. It is Eedison here, a very long "e." One man will tell you that the old man has no care whatever about his personal appearance, no more than did his famous son when he was straining every nerve to get money to make investigations, and was quite willing to part with his best shirt if thereby he could purchase a few chemicals otherwise unobtainable; another recites some of the witticisms for which the old gentleman has become locally famous; another tells of the gifts of silk hats from son to father, the more battered and rusty the better suited to the latter's taste, providing they had only been worn by "Tom"; another discusses at length the acumen of the old gentleman; another, and many another, speaks of his uniform goodness of heart.

Samuel Edison was born, so his wife told me, in Amsterdam, New York, August 18th, 1804. His father lived to be one hundred and four years of age, his grandfather to be one hundred and seven. With such a long-lived ancestry to look back upon, what years, what marvelous years, may not be before the man who so splendidly bears the family name! And, by the way, Mrs. Edison, who is the step-mother of Thomas Edison, adds several years to the future for him, for she told me what her husband had always contended, that the published statements as to her son's age were all incorrect—that he was but forty-six years of age last February, instead of being, as has been stated, fifty-one. His birthplace was Minon, Erie County, Ohio. When he was seven years old he came to Port Huron with his father, and from that day to this, people have associated him with Port Huron.

It is not at all hard to find the ancestral influences which have moulded the inventor and made him one of the most persistent and indomitable of men. His father has been a man not only of gigantic physique, but equipped with a powerful mentality. The old gentleman, say these people who have known him all these years, was a man of tremendous reserve force—something which shows in the son, whose ability to utilize this reserve strength has on many an occasion been shown to splendid advantage. The father was the most unpretentious of men, and cared little or nothing for the elegancies of life. The room where I saw him stretched upon his bed, a fallen giant, was comfortable, but plainness itself. The whole house is the simplest of places—the commonest of rag-carpets on the floor, walls with little adornment, homely rooms, yet cheery—just such lowly rooms as delighted the owner's heart.

In the "parlor" of the little home, from which I could hear the sharp, monotonous ticking of a self-satisfied clock, and the spasmodic breathing of the old man, lying upon his bed of sickness, I could see pictures of the son, neatly framed and hung on the wall, and there were several fat albums containing pictures of both branches of the family. On the slender table in the corner were two of the famous hats—hats which both father and son have contributed to, to make famous—battered affairs of ruffled black, never too old for the proud sire to wear. A cabinet organ in the corner added the last touch of the country-home of the days gone by.

"They wanted me to have a nurse," said the

sober-faced wife as we stood at the side of the old man, who seemed to be so near to the entrance to the last voyage, "but he won't let anybody look after him but me. He had never been sick in his life until seven years ago, when he had a fever, and since that time he has never been so well."

When I left the little yellow house among the trees the purple asters nodded me a good-bye, something the old man, lying in the low bed with his parchment hands crossed over his shrunken breast, could not vouchsafe me.

W. S. HARWOOD.

The "Shut-Ins."



THE humor that lies midway between mirth and pathos is much fed by an associate membership in the Shut-in Society. The "Shut-ins" are sick women and men in all parts of the land and over the sea; and the Associates, being in sound mind and health, are pledged to a friendly interchange of letters and small kindnesses with as many of these unfortunates as time and means may allow. An Associate of some eight years' standing finds great delight in her seven correspondents, to whom she sends, beside occasional letters, books, secular and religious, magazines and illustrated papers, scraps for patchwork, worsted for knitting, stationery and postage-stamps at Christmas. To one of these women—a very lovely and almost helpless cripple up in the forests of Maine—goes at every Christmas-tide a delightful contribution called a "wonder-ball." The first one was a surprise, for as the recipient proceeded to knit off the bright pink zephyr wool whereof it was composed, out dropped ten-cent pieces in a shining shower, and strange humps and inequalities in the ball developed into packages of flower-seeds, skeins of silk, and all sorts of amazing trifles. Before a pair of baby's socks were knitted, two dollars and a half had been shed into the knitter's lap, and a long letter of rapturous and incoherent gratitude told this surprising fact, and minutely recorded how each dime had been laid out, as Mr. Wegg has it, "to the best." It was gratifying to know that those small coins—"change" begged from many masculine pockets—had procured not only medicines and warm flannel and a package of pansy-seed, but a course of three lessons in flower-painting from a neighbor of exceptional gifts and culture. These had imparted great happiness, but a satisfaction greater still flowed from the "wonder-ball." "What was best of all," wrote the pencil in the cramped, rheumatic hand, "I was able to give something for the first time, and contributed twenty-five cents toward buying a floral pillow for our dear Sabbath-school superintendent, with 'Rest' in violets."

Year after year a ball is sent on its way, and each new one brings a fresh excitement to the expectant shut-in knitter. One contained a silk handkerchief. "I never saw a silk handkerchief before," came the reply. "I hope you will not mind, but it was so beautiful that I gave it to my sister. She goes out, of course, more than I do, and can carry it." From another New England village a farmer's wife writes of all the surprise-parties and church sociables to which her kinsfolk repair, and of which lively echoes come to her sick-room. The girls rehearse before her their "pieces," to be spoken at a great entertainment given by the Ladies' Benevolent Association at one of the churches. "This is their first entertainment," writes Mrs. S., "and I expect it will be a good one. They are going to take the proceeds to buy a hearse; it is very much needed."

No account has yet reached the Associate of the success of the entertainment, and she is anxiously awaiting some light on the subject of the hearse and the crying need which it is to fill.

G. A. DAVIS.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE ISLAND SHRIE OF MODEZ.

ONE of the most picturesque of the Breton *pardon*s or saint's-day observances, so dear to Daguan-Bouvet and other French painters, is that of St. Modez, whose ruined shrine is situated on a tiny island lying about a mile and a half from the mainland, on the north coast of Brittany, near the mouth of the Trieux. St. Modez was the son of an Irish king in the fourth century, and withdrew to the solitude of the little isle, which at that time was so infested with serpents as to be rarely approached by man. The prayers of the good saint drove out the snakes here, as those of St. Patrick did from

Ireland, and the monastery which he founded became a famous religious resort until the year 878, when the sacred reliques were removed to Bourges. The edifice fell into decay, but the soil of the island retains miraculous qualities to this day. A handful of it will exterminate reptiles from field or farm; and ailing horses are made sound by rubbing it on their hoofs. Annually, on June 9th, the Saint's day, Breton peasants in large numbers, mostly on horseback, visit the isle of Modez, where Mass is celebrated at the ruined oratory shown in our picture from the Paris *Illustration*. Low tide enables them to cross dryshod from the mainland. They deposit their *ex-votos* of horse-shoes and wooden images, and then scurry back over the sands lest they be caught by the incoming flow.

THE SUFFRAGE AGITATION IN AUSTRIA.

The suffrage agitation in Austria has reached an acute stage. The premier has recently introduced into Parliament a measure which, while satisfactory to himself, is very distasteful to the workingmen, over one million eight hundred thousand of whom, out of a rate-payers list of five million six hundred thousand, are left without representation in Parliament. Reaction has lately been strengthened through the active efforts of certain influences in clerical circles. Not only is universal suffrage refused, but even freedom of public meeting is now denied to the public in Vienna. In some recent instances popular excitement has been so great as to compel the adoption of repressive measures by the police. In one case the Parliament House was garrisoned with a force of over two hundred policemen. The indications are that in spite of the efforts of the authorities to repress the growing agitation, it will be continued until the demands of the working classes are recognized by a considerable enlargement of the suffrage.

MUSIC AT NOONDAY.

One of our foreign pictures shows the Press Band playing at mid-day in one of the gardens of the Thames Embankment in London. This garden is situated at one of the foci of the great printing works of Fleet Street and the Strand. The Press Band was established with the view of providing good music for printers and workmen at the noonday hour, and the enterprise was from the first a marked success. Here the men get a glimpse of summer, away from the noise and unsavory odors of the great establishments in which they work. The subscribers to the enterprise include many of the leading daily and weekly papers of London and a number of prominent gentlemen who sympathize with practical efforts for the entertainment of the working classes. This provision of a pleasant resort for a hard-working class of men at the luncheon hour might be imitated elsewhere with profit and advantage.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

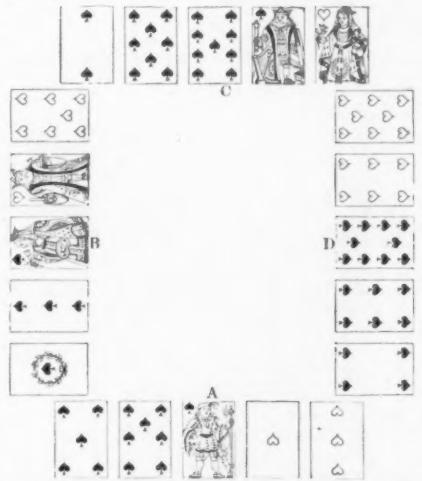
CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 22 was a good lesson in trump play, and despite of its apparent simplicity, puzzled many an old hand who thought that the winning of the odd trick was all that could be expected. A leads off with the quiet little play of *deuce* of diamonds, and leaves the battle to the others. C discards queen of hearts, and D declines the lead in a similar manner. B is then compelled to sacrifice D by throwing both of his trumps to A, who then leads up to his partner's ten-ace. Many commenced with trumps, which will only secure three tricks. It was correctly mastered by Messrs. C. F. Allen, Frank Buckley, "P. H. B." J. Barnett, J. W. Crawford, G. Clark, T. Cox, H. Drake, M. J. Deane, C. F. Duke, Dr. Eastman, W. Edwards, Fort Schuyler Club, G. Flemming, C. N. Gowen, H. George, A. W. Hall, C. F. Hunter, M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," C. Knox, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, M. Lyons, E. M. Long, C. H. Marsters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, T. J. Morrison, E. Moore, C. Nefuss, A. Odebrecht, Jr., J. Peck, W. Porter, J. W. Russell, P. Stafford, "A. J. S." J. F. Smith, W. Seward, Dr. Tyler, C. K. Thompson, G. Underwood, H. H. Unger, and W. Young.

To such as have asked for something harder we recommend the following as being wonder-

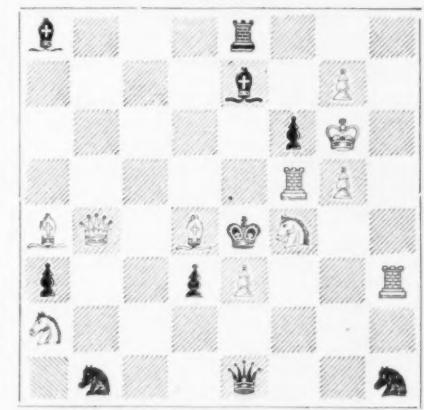
fully deep and replete with curious surprises, given as No. 27:



Hearts trumps. A leads, and with C for partner takes how many tricks against any possible play? Look out for pitfalls!

The Chess-board.

PROBLEM NO. 22. BY P. F. BLAKE.
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

The above clever stratagem, which shows the work of a master hand in all the little details which characterize a perfect problem, gained the first prize in the recent tourney of the Liverpool *Mercury*. It was highly complimented by the talented Mrs. W. J. Baird, who adjudicated the prizes.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 19. BY MARIN.

White.
1 Q to Q B 7
2 Mates according to black's play.

Correctly solved by Messrs. P. Stafford, F. C. Nye, T. B. Miller, W. L. Fogg, T. Cox, R. Rogers, A. W. Hall, E. E. Hatheway, C. V. Smith, "Ivanhoe," E. C. Jones, H. Dearborn, C. F. Ellery, G. Eldridge, and P. H. Newall. All others were incorrect.

Royal State in China.

THE accounts of the royal state in which the wife of Li Hung Chang lives in her magnificent palace on the banks of the Pei-Ho read much after the style of fairy stories. A thousand attendants, it is said, stand ready to fulfill her slightest wish. Song-birds make the air melodious in the great gardens about the house, and there are more enchantments about the palace than are pictured in the "Arabian Nights." Her wardrobe embraces two thousand costumes, and she bathes in the oil of oranges. How great the fortune of her famous lord and master is, the Western world will never definitely know, but it ranges, by estimate, from five million to fifty million dollars.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola Compound by mail to all sufferers from Asthma who send name and address on a postal card. A trial costs you nothing. *

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

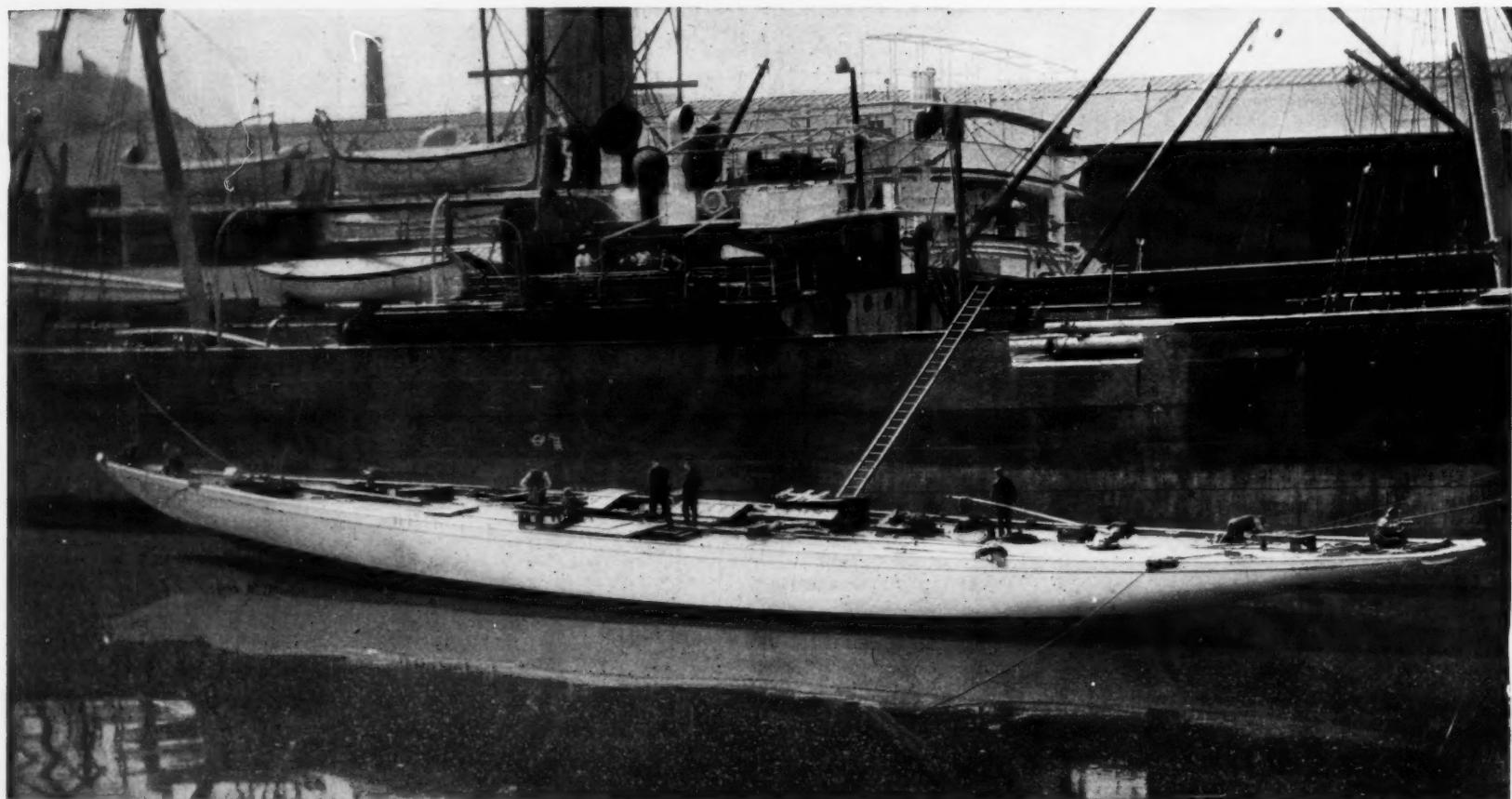
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



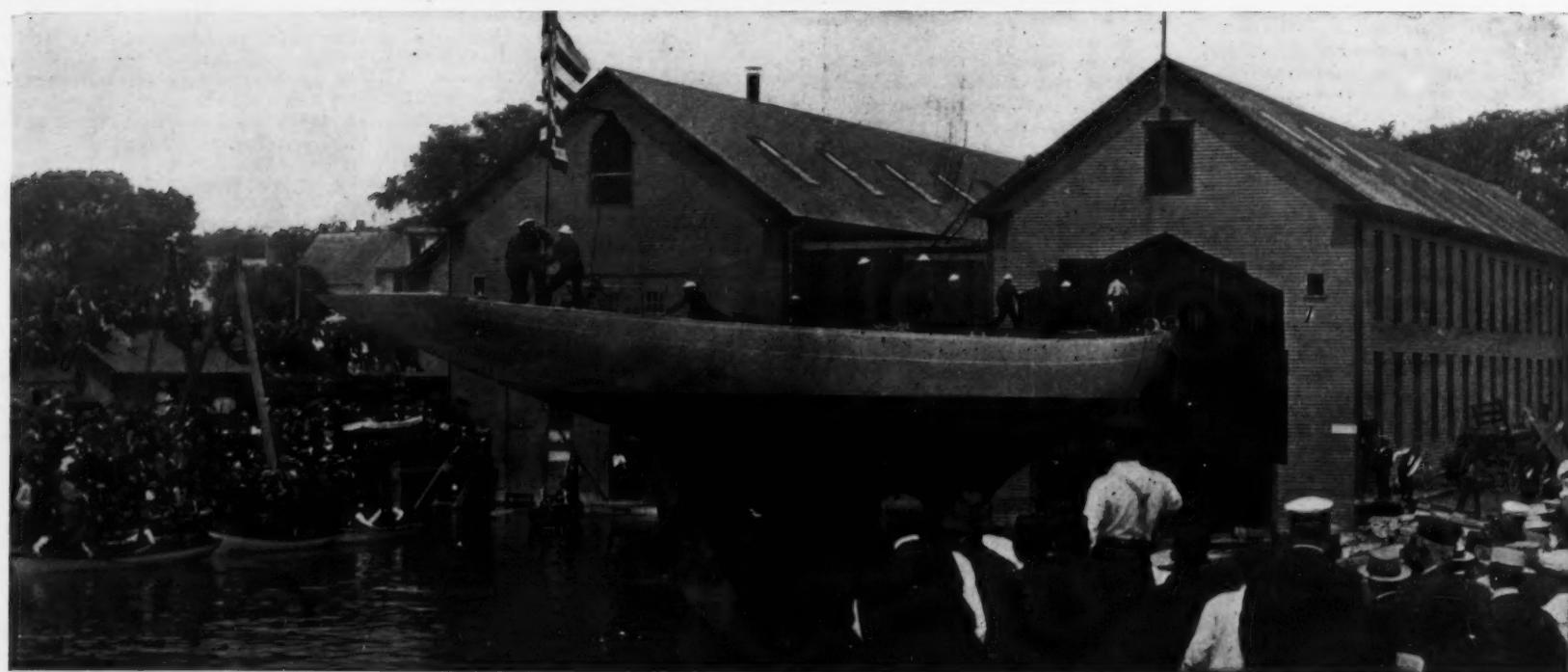
THE HOME OF SAMUEL EDISON, FATHER OF THE GREAT INVENTOR.
[SEE PAGE 27.]



SAMUEL EDISON AT NINETY YEARS OF AGE.
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. WHITE & CO.



LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT, VALKYRIE III., AS SHE APPEARED AFTER LEAVING THE WAYS AT HENDERSON'S SHIP-YARDS.
PHOTOGRAPH BY WEST & SON, SOUTHSEA, ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



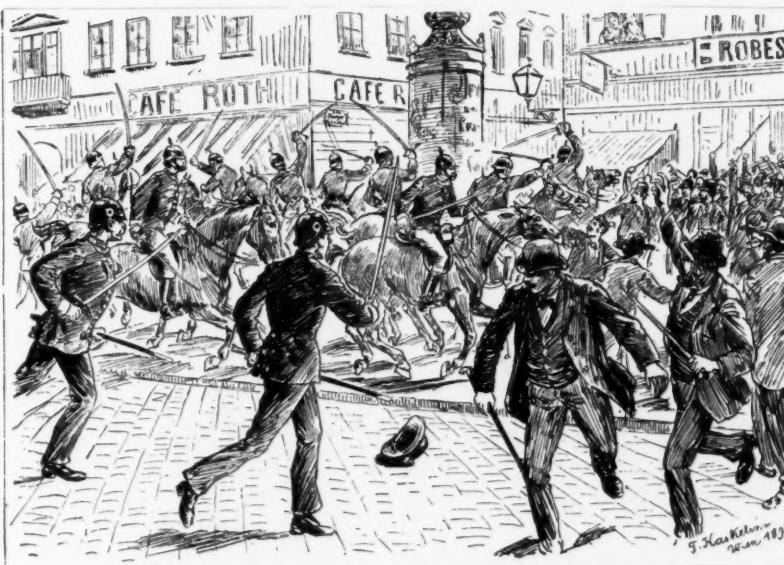
THE LAUNCH OF THE "DEFENDER"—THE BOAT CLEARING THE SHIP-HOUSE.—COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY BOLLES.



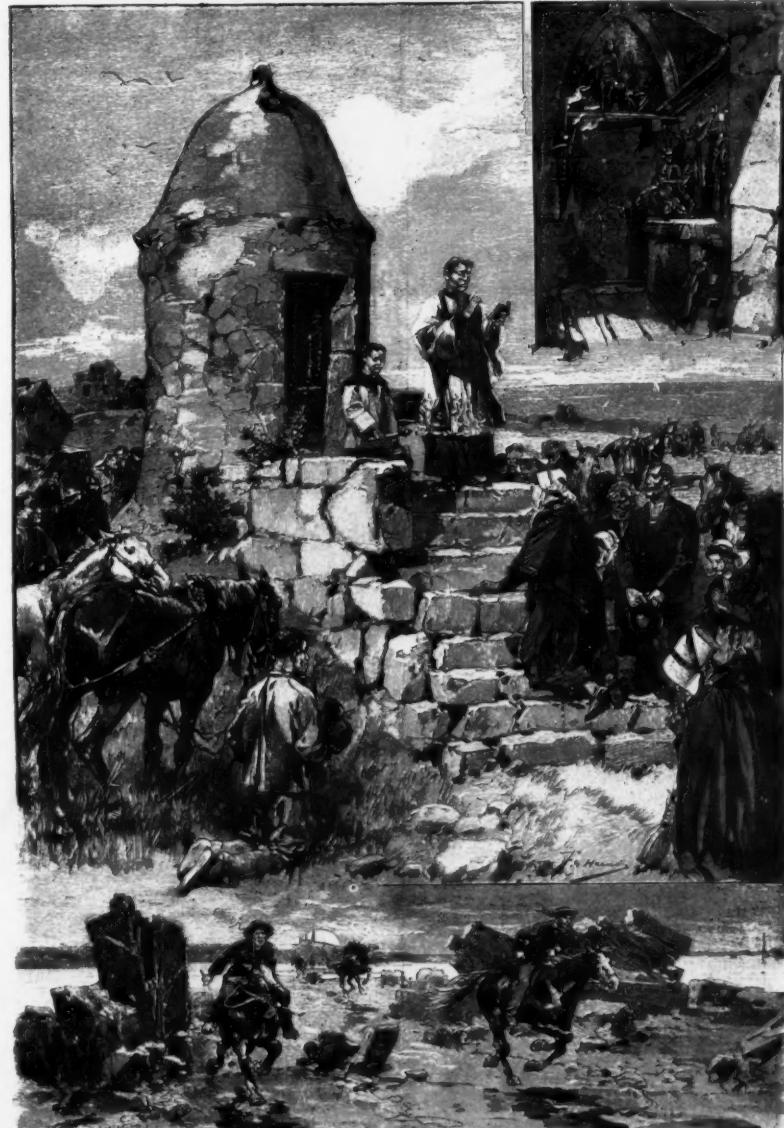
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD ON THE WAY TO THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM,
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON.—*Black and White.*



AN ENGLISH TYPE OF BEAUTY, BY THE SPANISH PAINTER, R. MADRAZO.
Black and White.



THE SUFFRAGE DISTURBANCES IN AUSTRIA—COLLISION OF THE POLICE AND SOCIALISTS
IN VIENNA.—*London Daily Graphic.*



FRANCE—A BRETON "PARDON" AT THE ISLAND SHRINE OF ST. MODEZ.—*L'Illustration.*



THE PRESS BAND PLAYING AT LUNCHEON HOUR IN THE THAMES EMBANKMENT GARDEN,
LONDON.—*Daily Graphic.*

Surviving Confederate Generals.

THERE are seven surviving lieutenant-generals of the Confederacy—S. D. Lee, Longstreet, Wade Hampton, Buckner, Wheeler, A. P. Stewart, and Gordon. Not the least interesting fact in connection with these veteran leaders of the Confederate armies is that the son of one of them, General Wheeler, was one of this year's graduates from West Point. General Wheeler himself left West Point thirty-six years ago to cast his lot with the South.

NATURAL domestic champagnes are now very popular. A fine brand called "Golden Age" is attracting attention.

HER PREDICTION.

OLD MR. BENTLY—"I see that they are going to have a Carlyle museum in London."

Old Mrs. Bently—"Huh! Didn't I tell you that them foreigners would do something for him on account of that last bond issue?"—*Judge*.

LOW RATES TO DENVER.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will place on sale at all ticket offices on its lines east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and Pueblo, for all trains of July 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, valid from starting-point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12th to 15th inclusive. The rate from New York will be \$47.75, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

AMONG the items of information vouchsafed about Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress of the hour in London, is that she suffers from insomnia, and rarely obtains more than four hours' sleep a night. But this does not appear to affect her health. She is fond of pug-dogs and the piano, of boating, sailing, and driving, but she has an ingrained dislike of exercise. It is hardly four years since Mrs. Campbell made her débüt as a professional actress and her instantaneous success has been continuous.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the Baltimore and Ohio book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All Baltimore and Ohio ticket agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent post-paid upon receipt of ten cents by Charles O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Maryland.

A DANGEROUS RESEMBLANCE.

"OUR friend McMudd had quite an experience lately; he was taken for Grover Cleveland."

"He must be stuck on himself now."

"Stuck on himself? Why, they nearly killed him."—*Judge*.

DO YOU KNOW ITS CAUSE?

INDIGESTION: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Rupans Tabules. One gives relief.

To keep your digestive organs in order get a bottle of the genuine Angostura Bitters, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. Siegert & Sons.

CHANGE IN PIER NUMBER.

The Fall River Line wharf in New York will, commencing June 1st, be known as Pier 18 instead of 28, North River, foot of Murray Street.

Double service (two boats each way daily) between New York and Fall River will be operated commencing June 17th.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food: so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary.

THE musician or artist who buys a Sohmer Piano gets an instrument that is a work of art, and the result of many years' hard study and labor.

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**MEN'S OUTING AND DRESS SHIRTS,
NECKWEAR, GLOVES,
UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY,
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**CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S
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IN REMEMBERING
TO GET

Constantine's Pine Tar Soap

Persian Healing,

BUT you need to try this Soap only once to know how durable it must be. Other soaps are soft and melt away rapidly. This lasts well, and is pure. Its friends know all its excellent qualities. Do you? —DRUGGISTS.—

Try,
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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

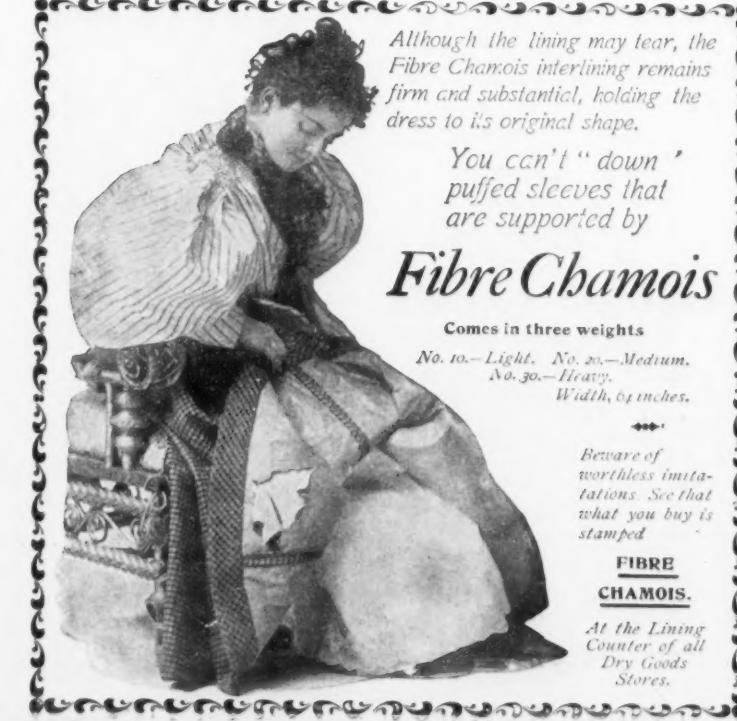
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INDIEN**

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris Sold by all Druggists.



HE WAS RIGHT.

PEDAGOGUE (severely)—"Now, sir, for the last time, what's the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?"

Boy (desperately)—"It's equivalent to a lickin' fer me, sir. Go ahead."—*Judge*.

CONTROVERSY BY SHOVEL.

WIFE—"Don't I hear some one beating a carpet?"

Husband—"No. I hired an Irishman and an Italian to put away the coal, and they are arguing."—*Judge*.

THE S. H. & M. CO.

"I use the bindings that last as long as the skirt and look as well as they wear."

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Skirt Bindings

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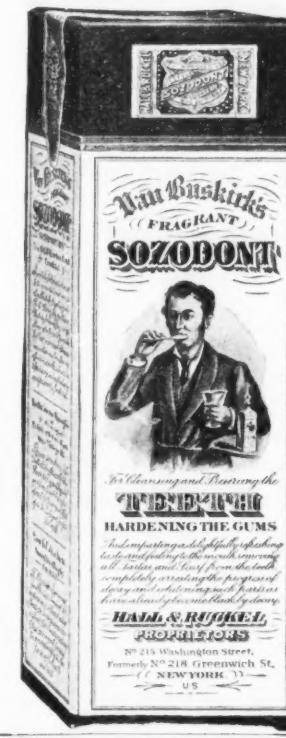
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Body and
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Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Alburn, 75 PORTRAITS
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FACIAL BLEMISHES.
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Price, 50c.
SEARCH
LIGHT
Is what it is named.

It beats long-distance riders always use the Search Light. Lantern, shouldn't you?—On the ground of greater proficiency they might take unless the risk of an inferior illuminator, but you cannot, unless you think your life isn't worth the difference, this will light 40 feet ahead of you.

Special Advantages—Central draft; burns mixed kerosene; flame adjustable; filled outside.

Insist on the BEST—The "Searchlight." Delivered for price if your dealer won't supply you.

BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO., Bridgeport, Ct.

Or, 19 Murray St., New York City.

The Automatic Reel

THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT.
THE AUTOMATIC REEL
It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.

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A remedy that has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you overworked your nervous system, and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Liver? Have you a flabby appearance, and the face, especially under the eyes? No matter what the cause, we know Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you; impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the whole system, and make a new man of you. Mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box.

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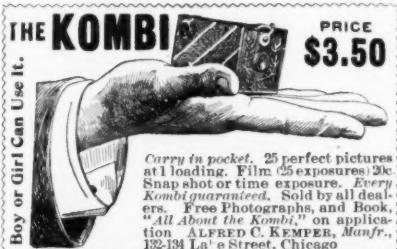
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